The Outlook

Vol. 73 March 14, 1903 No. 11

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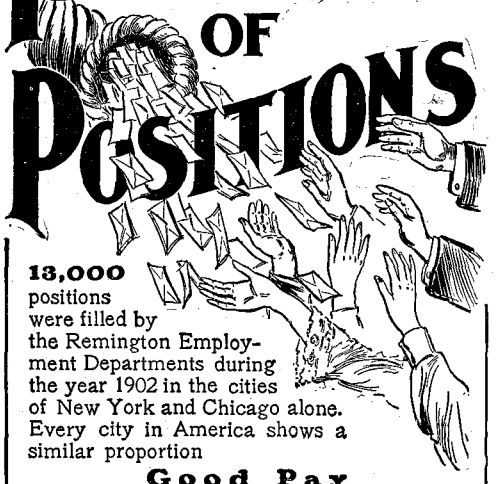

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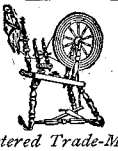

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The Outlook

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What Congress Left Undone

The filibustering in both houses which marked the closing days of Congress created a popular belief that the session had been disappointing in results. The Aldrich Currency Bill, which displaced the Statehood Bill at the close of the previous week, was in its turn killed by the insistence of Democratic Senators that the measure must be discussed. Senator Aldrich appealed to them to support a bill to expand the currency and thus carry out a Democratic policy, but they refused to secure currency expansion through the medium of bank notes in the manner provided by the measure. They particularly objected to the feature of the bill permitting the Treasury to accept railroad bonds as security for Government deposits made with the banks. If, however, the Aldrich bill had been introduced earlier, there would have been little question of its passage, as its proposal to require the banks to pay at least one and one-half per cent. interest on the $150,000,000 of public funds now deposited with them without interest was almost universally popular. To what extent the bill would have expanded the currency is a matter upon which there is the widest difference of opinion among competent critics. Potentially the bill released over a hundred millions of Government bonds now used to secure Government deposits, and permitted the banks to use all these bonds as a basis for bank-note issues. But the fact that banks do not now use all available Government bonds as a basis for currency issues makes it a matter of guesswork how far they would have used the released bonds in this way. After it became evident that the Aldrich bill could not be passed in the closing hours of the Senate, Mr. Aldrich withdrew it in favor of the Philippine Tariff Bill, reducing the duty on Philippine products from 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates to 50 per cent. This measure was opposed by nearly all the sugar and tobacco growing interests, in whose behalf Senator Patterson, of Colorado, deliberately inaugurated a filibuster fatal, of course, to its passage. The Immigration Bill was passed, but not until it had been devitalized by the insistence of a small group of Senators, led by Mr. Elkins, of West Virginia, that the educational test for desirable immigration should be stricken out. As enacted into law, the new bill accomplishes little besides the doubtful good of increasing the head tax on immigrants from one dollar to two dollars. While these important measures were thus killed or mangled, Senator Tillman, by threatening to defeat an appropriation bill unless a very doubtful fifty-thousand-dollar South Carolina item was included in it, secured its modification as he demanded—a procedure which called forth sharp criticism in the House from Mr. Cannon, the next Speaker. In the pressure of appropriation bills the Cuban treaty was not brought up for consideration, and this measure, together with the Panama treaty held up by Senator Morgan, went over unacted upon to the special session of the new Senate convened by the President immediately upon the expiration of the old.

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What Congress Did

The long roll of important measures defeated the last week of the session must not, however, divert popular attention from the measures which were acted upon. If we except the Littlefield Anti-Trust Bill, which the Democrats, with the support of three Republicans, attempted in vain to take up in the Senate when the Statehood

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Bill was defeated, and the Eight-Hour Bill, the preceding paragraph covers all the important legislative proposals defeated by the Senate. The House of Representatives has to its credit the defeat of only one important proposal—the Ship Subsidy Bill. The formation of the great steamship combination by the companies which were to receive the bulk of the proposed subsidies strengthened the opposition of the Western Republicans in the House Committee on Merchant Marine, and they, uniting with the Democrats, definitely killed the bill. In the roll of bills passed by both houses must be put the Philippine relief and currency bills, the army staff bill, the bill for the reorganization of the militia under National supervision though not National control, the bill to increase the navy by five great battle-ships costing upwards of four million dollars each, the bill repealing the tariff on coal, three of the four anti-trust measures recommended by Attorney-General Knox—the bills to expedite anti-trust decisions, to provide publicity, and to prevent rebates—and the bill to create a National Department of Commerce. Should the extra session of the Senate just assembled by the President ratify the Cuban and Panama treaties, every one of the most important matters upon which the President asked for action at the beginning of the short session will have been acted upon. If to the legislation of this session be added that of the first session of the same Congress, we have the first National irrigation act; the Isthmian Canal act, the repeal of the Spanish war taxes, and the passage of the Philippine civil government bill. We have also, of course, the appropriation bills, and in this line, unfortunately, there appears to have been too great activity. Ten years ago the Nation was shocked when an aggregate of a billion dollars was reached by a single Congress. The Congress which has closed its sessions reached an aggregate of a billion five hundred million dollars—excluding its appropriation of fifty million dollars for the Panama Canal. The tendency of prosperous times and a great National revenue to promote extravagance cannot be doubted, though in estimating this extravagance it must not be forgotten that expenditures necessarily increase with the increase of the Nation and its wealth.

The New Senate The new Senate which met in extra session on March 5 to consider the Panama and Cuban treaties is of the same political complexion as its predecessor, though a shade more strongly Republican. Four Republican Senators—from Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Nevada—gave place to Democrats, and four Democratic or Populist Senators—from Kansas, Utah, Idaho, and Washington—gave place to Republicans, and the two Senatorial vacancies from Delaware were filled by Republicans. The new Senate stands: Republicans, 57; Democrats, 33. Senator Smoot, of Utah, took the oath of office without objection from any quarter. The protests against his retention of his seat are to be considered later by the appropriate committee. Of the work of the new Senate upon the pending treaties the public learns practically nothing, as the rule against considering treaties in open session prevents any authorized report, and the lack of public excitement checks unauthorized ones. Not even the amendments announced by Senator Morgan are publicly known. Altogether, the times seem to be as ripe for a conservative change in the Senate rules for secret sessions as in those facilitating unlimited filibustering. There are times when, even under a republican government, treaties should be considered in secret session, but it ought to require the affirmative action of the Senate to close the doors instead of affirmative action to open them. Two events in the organization of the new Senate are likely to have an important effect on the Democratic party. The first and less important of these events was the action of Senator Bailey, of Texas, in naming Senator Clark, of Montana, as his successor on the important Committee of Foreign Relations. Mr. Clark, though a silver man, is out of sympathy with the Bryan wing of his party upon the tariff, the trusts, and imperialism. The second and more important of these events was the action of the entire Democratic caucus in electing Senator Gorman, of Maryland, to succeed ex-Senator Jones, of Arkansas, as its Chairman and parliamentary leader. Senator Gorman, while he has always maintained his "regularity" as a party man, has been the intellectual head of

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the faction opposed to the party's free-trade, free-coinage, and anti-monopoly programmes. Upon the Philippine question Senator Gorman supported his party's policy in the Presidential election of 1900, but a year later, when shaping the State campaign to secure his own re-election to the Senate, he ignored anti-imperialism and proclaimed the restriction of negro suffrage as the paramount issue. His election as the Chairman of the Democratic caucus in the Senate is the most serious open blow recently given to Mr. Bryan's position as party leader.

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An Important Labor Law Question

Judge Adams, of the United States Circuit Court for the eighth circuit, sitting in St. Louis, and acting on the application of the Wabash Railroad, has issued an injunction commanding the officers of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen "to desist and refrain from in any way or manner ordering, coercing, persuading, inducing, or otherwise causing, directly or indirectly, the employees of the said Wabash Railroad Company . . . to strike or quit the service of said Company." The injunction further forbids them from in any way molesting or interfering with the trains of the Company. It is understood to be a temporary injunction pending an argument yet to be heard on the question whether it shall be made permanent. There are some disputed questions of fact as to the rate of wages, conditions of labor, etc., on the Wabash system, and some as to the action or threatened action of the officers of the two Brotherhoods. These disputes are involved in the issues joined before the court, and cannot be easily settled by the press on *ex parte* statements in advance of judicial investigation. But the principle of law involved in this case appears on the face of the injunction to be measurably independent of these disputed questions of fact. It is not, we think, to be doubted that the Wabash Railroad, being engaged in inter-State commerce, comes within the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts. As it is amenable to the writs of the Federal Courts enforcing obedience to the law, it is entitled to the writs of the Federal Courts in seeking the protection of the law. Practically this has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Debs case. On the other hand, the injunction does not prohibit the trainmen and locomotive firemen on the Wabash Railroad from striking. If they choose, they can quit the service of the railroad company singly or in a body. The right of employees to do this has been established by too many legal decisions, and is too evidently an absolute right of free labor, to be called in question, and it is not questioned by this injunction.

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The Question Discussed

But the trainmen and locomotive firemen of the Wabash Railroad belong to Brotherhoods which include employees of other railroads, and the officers of these Brotherhoods are not in the employ of the Wabash Railroad, nor, we presume, of any other railroad. The question raised by this injunction—and so far as we know it has never been legally decided—is whether men not in the employ of an inter-State railroad may lawfully order, counsel, or induce the employees of that railroad to strike. Will the courts forbid such counsel or order to be given by one who has no relation to the corporation, on the ground that this is an unwarrantable interference either with the rights of the railroad or with the commerce of the country? On the one hand, it may be contended that public interest requires that controversies between a railroad corporation and its employees should be settled by them without any outside interference. On the other, that trainmen and locomotive firemen have a right to ask counsel wherever they can get it; that they have a right to employ a broker or attorney, put their labor into his hands, leave him to negotiate their contracts for them, and determine in their place and stead the terms and conditions on which that labor shall continue. It appears to us clearly that this is their right; that the courts can no more legally forbid employees from following the counsel of a paid officer of their Brotherhood than it can forbid the corporation from following the counsel of their paid attorney; that, if the trainmen and locomotive firemen are to be free to make contracts at all, they must be free to do so through agents

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not in the employ of the corporation, and this for two reasons: first, because an agent in the employ of the corporation would always be liable to have a divided interest; second, because the nature of their employment is such as to keep them occupied daily and hourly upon the road, and so prevent them from getting together and consulting as to their common interests, or even studying the situation, acquainting themselves with the facts, and coming to any just and reasonable judgment as to the right conditions of a contract between them and their employer. The Outlook hopes that this case may be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in such a form, and so divested of all side issues, as to present clearly the question of the right of employees, in their negotiations with their employers, to act through the officers of their Brotherhood or Trades-Union.

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The Irish Land Question

All friends of Ireland and all friends of peace will rejoice because the chief measure to be introduced at the present session of the British Parliament is to be an Irish Land Bill. The bill is to be presented by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in part will follow the recommendations of the conference, already chronicled in these columns, between Lords Dunraven and Mayo, Colonels Everard and Poe, representing Irish landlords, and Messrs. Russell, Redmond, Harrington, and O'Brien, representing Irish tenants. According to their conclusions, "the only satisfactory settlement of the land question is to be effected by the substitution of an occupying proprietary in lieu of the existing system of dual ownership." This "occupying proprietary" idea contemplates no compulsory sale of land on terms claimed to be unjust by the landlords; instead, the latter are to be induced to sell by an offer of sums one-half greater than would be called for by existing values. The offer, as suggested by the conference, would be a sum amounting to nearly thirty years of the rents. The present average price of land in Ireland represents a sum amounting to about twenty years of the rents as revised by the Land Commission Courts in 1881 and 1896. The conference concluded, however, that landlords should continue to enjoy sporting and riparian rights over the lands they sell, and may have the opportunity to purchase their mansions. By these suggestions the conference registered its belief that the common good requires a continuance of identification by the landlord class with Irish society. If landlords are to be thus induced to sell, it would seem as if tenants are equally to be tempted to buy. It is proposed that, in place of rents, tenants shall become owners of their farms by paying to the State a kind of rental called "terminable annuities," these to be from one-seventh to one-quarter less than the existing rents as established by the Land Courts and to be subject to a reduction every ten years. This double difference between present prices must be made up by grants, amounting ultimately to several hundred million dollars, from the royal exchequer, the burden of course falling upon the taxpayers. We are inclined to believe that the taxpayers will get their money's worth. They may settle the question which, more than all others put together, has been at the bottom of Irish unrest. It would seem that the spirit of union, now happily evident between landlords and tenants, as shown by the recent conference, if strengthened by sympathetic legislation, would lastingly supplant that other spirit which made necessary the large numbers of the royal Irish constabulary and the enforcement of extraordinary measures to keep even a semblance of peace.

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Macedonia and Turkey

The pessimistic tone in the reference to Macedonia in the speech of King Edward at the opening of Parliament was abundantly justified, if we may judge from the Blue Book since issued by the British Government. The communications therein comprise consular reports and the despatches of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador to Turkey, during 1902, and confirm the unofficial reports of misrule, outrages, and violent crimes in Macedonia. These, however, were not all due to Turks; there is also confirmation of the outrages and murders ascribed to the Bulgaro-Macedonian revolutionists, though the intolerable situation originally arose from Turkish misgovernment. The revo-

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lutionists have been sending marauding bands from Bulgaria into Macedonia to stir up the Turks to new atrocities by destroying their villages, hoping that the European Powers would interfere and reforms or freedom be secured. At the same time the revolutionists have terrorized any Macedonians who have not approved the programme of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Committee by declaring that "it has now become the government, that everything must be conducted in the government's interest, and that whoever sets himself in opposition must suffer the consequences." The Macedonians are thus doubly downtrodden and intimidated. A system of limited proprietorship prevails in the province. The vast majority of the natives work their land upon shares; they do not own it. One-third of the crop goes to the landlord, and on the remaining two-thirds the peasants pay such an enormous tax that, in some cases, the value as prescribed by the assessors more than equals the value of the crop itself. The Turkish assessor and the Turkish collector are generally one person; and hence such an official has been able to extort infamous payment. If in his daily work—agriculture—the Macedonian finds his goods practically stolen, in his domestic relations his fate is even more terrible. He himself is terrified and beaten by the gendarmerie, or police, and often the female members of his family are subjected to violation. This condition has existed during the four centuries and a half in which the Turkish Empire has been established in Europe. The Turks remain what they were in 1453—savages; but to their savagery they have added sensuality and corruption. It is, therefore, with something like incredulity that the world learned of the Sultan's agreement to the reform proposals made concerning Turkish administration in Macedonia.

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Reform Proposals The principal points of the programme which the Powers unanimously forced on Abdul Hamid are: (1) The appointment of a Macedonian Inspector-General for a term of three years, with an extension of authority, particularly in his power to make requisition, whenever necessary, upon a military force without waiting for permission from Constantinople; his recall and the appointment of his successor to be in agreement with the Powers. (2) The organization of the gendarmerie by European officers, in which body Christian inhabitants are to be admitted in a number proportionate to the population; the Christians shall not be required to be able to read and write Turkish before being admitted. (3) The prompt settlement of cases brought before local courts. (4) A reorganization of the financial system by providing that the taxes shall not be assessed and collected by the same person; that each vilayet or district shall furnish a budget at the end of each year in which local expenses are to be a first charge upon the revenues; the revenues are to be paid into branches of the Ottoman Bank; only if, after such payment, there is a surplus, may it be sent to Constantinople; thus, from a condition of small salaries and uncertain payment the prompt payment of the local officials and of the gendarmerie would seem to be provided for, with a consequent removal of one of the causes of bribery and oppression. (5) The establishment of stringent measures to hold in check the Albanian marauders who have, in reality, been almost as vexatious to the Turkish as to the Christian inhabitants of Macedonia (in Albania itself their methods have been more barbarous still, as was shown recently by the assault upon the Russian Consul at Mitrovitza). In agreeing to these reforms, however, the Sultan apparently proposes to continue his time-honored policy of evasion, as might be deduced from his announcement that there is no money in the Turkish treasury to carry the reforms into effect! It is hard to tell, from the reports, from which class the Macedonian Christians are now suffering the most—the representatives of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Committee, or the Turkish soldiers and tax-gatherers. One thing is evident: Macedonia cannot endure the present situation, any more than Cuba could the oppression of Spain. The only logical and humane outcome, as it appears to many disinterested observers, will be the extension by the Powers in Macedonia of the autonomy now enjoyed by the other Balkan States.

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Leo XIII. A fortnight ago Giacchino Pecci, better known as Pope Leo XIII., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Papal chair. Last week he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation, and also his ninety-third birthday. Should he live until the middle of May he will have attained the traditional years of St. Peter as Pope, but in order to equal Pius IX.'s reign (1846-1878) he would be almost a centenarian. The whole Christian world hopes that he may attain that age, if he can continue to deliver his Church from political intrigue, and continue to direct its energies instead into intimate, sympathetic, and salutary relations with the social movements of our time. Indeed, one may claim with justice that the scholarly and accomplished Pecci has become the most democratic of pontiffs; certainly, in the history of democratic and social progress his encyclical letters will find fit place. Hence, socially as well as religiously, there is no temporal sovereign whose anniversary could match the one of last week. The vast theological and ecclesiastical power of the Church militant was represented by the participation of nearly fifty cardinals and over three hundred archbishops and bishops in the high ceremonies at St. Peter's, which were carried out with all pomp and circumstance. But the seventy thousand people in attendance, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, were gathered to do homage to the man as well as to the Pope, and they greeted him with a more striking demonstration of reverence and affection than has been vouchsafed to any Roman pontiff for centuries. Well might they thus greet one whose ardent and indomitable spirit belies his age and is hardly contained by his frail body. Fifteen years ago, at a similar ceremonial, Leo XIII. was a figure from which apparently all physical attributes had retired; his face was like alabaster and his hand seemed almost transparent as it slowly moved in benediction. The white-robed, white-mitered form looked like a ghost, not a mortal. If he was then a "grand old man," Leo XIII. is now a wonderful old man, not so much by reason of length of years as because during these later years his most telling work has been done. In contemplating this venerable figure the minds of Christians are impressed, not only by religious emotion and historic imagination, but also by a sense of present social service rendered to present social needs.

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The Child Labor Agitation Both in New York and Pennsylvania the child labor agitation is being vigorously conducted. In New York a series of admirable bills have been presented in the Legislature to make the present child labor laws enforceable by requiring age certificates of real value, to extend the application of these laws to messenger and delivery services in the same way in which they now govern factories and stores, to limit the employment of children between fourteen and sixteen to nine hours a day, and to forbid children under twelve to work as bootblacks, and children under ten to work as newsboys. At the hearing before a legislative committee last week, the opposition, curiously enough, centered upon the restriction of the street trades and not upon the nine-hour provision for factories and stores. Commodore Gerry, formerly President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, led the defense of unrestricted child labor in the streets, declaring among other things that the restrictive bill was unconstitutional and that the licensing of newsboys put a stigma upon them. In reply to him it was brought out that the constitutionality of restricting child labor had been recognized over and over again by the most conservative courts, and that the possession of a license would put no more stigma upon a newsboy than upon a physician or lawyer. Dr. Felix Adler made the most stirring address in favor of the bills. He admitted that many good men had spent part of their boyhood in the street trades and come out unharmed, but so, he said, had many strong men come safely through dangerous contagions. Legislation, moral as well as sanitary, must be based upon the general influence of the environment, and the records of the New York juvenile asylums, which Dr. Adler proceeded to give, showed that to an astonishing degree the New York City street trades served as the schools of vice and crime. In Pennsylvania the child labor laws urged are being supported by the

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State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Civic Club of Philadelphia, and the State Consumers' League, as well as by the labor unions. The prominent part borne by women's organizations in this movement for the protection of childhood is quite in line with English precedent—the instinctive sympathy of English women having been perhaps the strongest force in enabling Lord Shaftesbury to carry through his great reform against the influence of factory-owners and economists. In Pennsylvania the economists, we believe, a e now supporting the moderate child labor law demanded, but factory-owners are still resisting it. A trusted correspondent writes us as follows of the present situation:

On Saturday morning, February 28, the papers of Pittsburg announced that the Western Pennsylvania Association of Glass Manufacturers had appointed a committee to go to Harrisburg to prevent the enactment of any child labor agitation at this session. The manufacturers were reported as adopting resolutions denouncing and ridiculing that section of the bill which provides that children must learn to read and write English before beginning work. (It is probably due to the enactment of this provision in New York in 1886 that New York, in spite of its enormous immigration, has fewer illiterate children between ten and fourteen years of age than Pennsylvania, and ranks, under this test, with the Northern States, while Pennsylvania ranks with the Southern States.) The glass manufacturing industry is one of the most highly protected industries in the United States, yet it effectively prevents any legislative protection of young children. The influence of the Pittsburg glass manufacturers kept in office, as chief factory inspector of Pennsylvania for several years, Mr. James Campbell (just removed by Governor Pennypacker), who had been their advocate for years at all the hearings on the glass tariff before the Committee on Ways and Means at Washington. This is the man who told the Mothers' Congress in Pittsburg last October that Pennsylvania suffers from the excessive education of the workingmen's children.

Less than any other State can Pennsylvania afford to teach that people have a right to get cheap labor from whatever source at whatever cost.

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The Protest of the Tenement Dwellers

At a hearing in the New York City Hall on Thursday of last week, Mayor Low stated explicitly that the city administration was opposed to every one of the bills which had been introduced into the State Legislature to change the existing tenement-house law. Inasmuch as it is understood that Governor Odell will not sign any tenement-house bill that does not have the approval of Mayor Low and the Tenement-House Commission, this statement was reassuring and was therefore greeted with energetic applause. The speakers at this hearing were almost all dwellers in East Side tenements, and were representative of scores of thousands of others. A representative of the Downtown Ethical Society, one of the East Side Civic Club, one of the East Side Socialists, and one of the Janitors' Society made speeches; all of them were earnest, and their eloquence was that of men whose families were in peril. It was perfectly clear that the opposition to this assault on the tenement-house law is not theoretical, its strength does not lie with philanthropists, but with those whose own homes the law in a measure protects. As the Mayor said, this fight on the part of tenement dwellers for more light and air was illustrative of the old saying, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow." On the same day Tenement-House Commissioner Robert W. De Forest made an address in Brooklyn, in which he called attention to the principle, which the newspapers in Brooklyn have been ignoring, that the character of residential districts changes in the course of years, that "the palaces of to-day may be the hovels of to-morrow." He cited the instance of his grandmother's house, once one of the finest private houses in a fashionable neighborhood, now bearing a sign "French Flats for Colored People." The law, he said, must anticipate such changes. Both he and the Mayor announced that amendments "adjusting the law to business and structural conditions" are being prepared by the Tenement-House Commission. We hope that if these amendments are offered they will be accompanied by others making more rigorous the even yet too lax requirements.

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Registration of Trained Nurses

There are two bills before the Legislature of New York providing for the registration of trained or professional nurses. One is vicious and ought to be killed;

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the other is excellent, though capable of improvement. It ought to be amended and then enacted without delay. The first bill proposes that the Secretary of State shall keep a register of trained nurses and issue certificates to all who shall make affidavit of their intention to practice, accompanying the same with a sworn statement setting forth the amount and character of training that the applicant has had. It sets no standard of attainment and it imposes no tests. It simply perpetuates the present unsatisfactory conditions and makes change and improvement nearly impossible. In contrast with the foregoing, and intended to displace it, is the Armstrong bill, which proposes to supply the defects of the other and to provide real safeguards. An applicant for registration must be twenty-one years of age, must have had at least two years of training in an approved hospital, and must pass an examination under the auspices of the State Board of Regents. Such a person shall be given a Regents' certificate of proficiency and be privileged to bear the title of "Registered Nurse" (R. N.). The bill provides for those already in the profession as well as those still to come. Power to prosecute for the enforcement of the law should be given to some competent body; interference with the regular medical practitioner should be prevented; and ease of registration, say with the county clerk, should be secured; these provisions would perfect the law. The public has a large interest in this matter. The function of the trained nurse is a great and important one, growing, not diminishing. Some standard of attainment and some guarantee of proficiency should be afforded, and it is the duty of the State to provide it. It is not generally known that there are in operation "six weeks' correspondence schools" which give "diplomas" to "trained nurses." The public cannot go into the niceties of wording in a "diploma," and when sudden illness makes its terrifying attack there is no time to pick and choose. The call for the trained nurse is usually an emergency call, and it brooks no delay. At such a time the guarantee of a Regents' certificate would be most welcome, and both physician and patient would find in it confidence and hope.

The Beecher Memorial Mass-Meeting

On Sunday evening, March 8, a mass-meeting was held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, in behalf of the project to construct a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher. The people of Brooklyn were enthusiastic over the meeting. Applications for tickets greatly exceeded the supply, and an overflow meeting, at which Dr. A. H. Bradford and the Rev. Horace Porter were speakers, was arranged for at Plymouth Church. In spite of a drenching rain, which probably accounted for the large preponderance of men in the audience, the Academy of Music was filled to the limit allowed by law half an hour before the hour of opening. Above the stage, draped with an American flag, hung an oil portrait of Mr. Beecher. A choir and an organ led the singing of Mr. Beecher's favorite hymns. There were many present who knew Mr. Beecher personally. The usual note of gloom at a memorial meeting was absent, and the spirit was cheerful, as befitted the character of the man commemorated. Mayor Low, of New York, presided with his usual dignity and tact, and recalled the fact that he had, twenty years ago, presided as Mayor of Brooklyn at a meeting held in the same place in honor of Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday. He spoke of Mr. Beecher as the champion of freedom always—of free speech and free labor. He described the memorial as an attempt, not to preserve Mr. Beecher's memory, which was secure enough already, but to enlarge and make permanent the usefulness of the church which had prospered under Mr. Beecher's leadership. Mr. Low thus gave utterance to an idea which was reiterated by other speakers during the meeting, that the memorial should express the spirit of Mr. Beecher, his love for humanity, something which should stand for activity on the part of those who would honor Mr. Beecher, and greater opportunity for all who were struggling. This especially was emphasized in the close of the address of ex-President Cleveland, who, with Mr. Justice Brewer, was greeted by the audience with unusual marks of respect. Mr. Cleveland, after dwelling on the inherent human impulse toward hero-worship, and after giving expression to his deep personal admiration for

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Mr. Beecher and his personal indebtedness to him, said:

Our hero has himself declared in what manner his shrine should be approached. "When I fall, and am buried in Greenwood, let no man dare to stand over the turf and say, 'Here lies Henry Ward Beecher,' for God knows that I will not lie there. Look up, if you love me, and if you feel that I have helped you on your way home, stand with your foot on my turf and look up, for I will not hear anybody who does not speak with his mouth toward heaven." It would savor of hardihood if we who knew Mr. Beecher and his work . . . should be content with a mere idle token of remembrance. Assuredly, if it is to typify his lofty intents and purposes, . . . our memorial must be a center of work which shall redound to the glory of God and to the good of humanity. It should never be forgotten that as truly as the life and labors of Henry Ward Beecher were devoted to serving God and making the condition and destiny of his fellow-men better and happier, just so truly should our work, undertaken in his name, be entered upon with the same high intent and purpose. . . . If we would have him hear us as we invoke his approval, we must speak with our mouths toward heaven. It is also entirely manifest that we can build no memorial shrine to our hero which will attract his favor and the presence of his spirit without making Plymouth Church a part of it. . . . If, invoking his approval, and in his name, we extend his life-work, we shall not only exemplify our affection for him, but shall follow the designs of God as they were revealed to him.

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Further Tributes Mr. Justice Brewer, in scholarly phrase, paid a tribute to Mr. Beecher which emphasized especially his big-hearted human traits, his patriotic service to this country, and his power as a practical exponent of the gospel of love which he preached. "His theology," said Mr. Justice Brewer, "was condensed in a single sentence, 'God is love.' Among the strictly orthodox his theology was always an object of suspicion. They felt that he had too much confidence in the boundless mercy of the Infinite; but the doubt as to his theology never emptied the pews. . . . In all ages some heretic has thrown his arm around struggling humanity and blessed it. The very cause of the supposed weakness of Mr. Beecher's theology was one source of his wondrous power." The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, stated the plan for the memorial as it has been so far devised. He advocated the removal of Mr. Beecher's body to the proposed park which is a part of the plan for the memorial. He quoted from a sermon preached by Mr. Beecher in 1884, in which the great preacher had said that a man's burial-place should be where his work had been done. This Dr. Hillis interpreted as Mr. Beecher's forecast of his own death, and the expression of his wish concerning his burial-place. Included among the plans of the memorial, Dr. Hillis mentioned, in addition to features heretofore reported, a series of lectures on the relation between Christianity and free institutions, given annually, and a library building or club-house in the interest of the multitude of the young men and women who now live on Brooklyn Heights. The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, gave the closing address, in which he spoke of Mr. Beecher's influence upon the West, and pledged the enthusiastic support of the people of the interior to this memorial project. Before the audience left the building about twenty thousand dollars was there subscribed to the fund which is being raised by the committee of which Mr. Elijah R. Kennedy is Chairman and Mr. Theodore F. Miller, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, is Treasurer.

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Trinity College Library A really notable event in the development of higher education in the South was the formal opening of the Trinity College library on February 23, at Durham, N. C. Mr. Washington Duke and his sons, Messrs. B. A. and J. B. Duke—all Southern men—have during the past ten years given more than $800,000 to the College, thus providing material equipment and enabling the faculty to do a high grade of academic work and maintain sound ideals of scholarship. The latest evidence of the philanthropic spirit of this family is the gift of a library by Mr. James B. Duke, now of New York City. In addition to a building costing $55,000—a handsome structure of granite and pressed brick, with interior timber in quartered oak and all the conveniences of a modern library—he has given $10,000 for new books, all of them selected with a view to the demands of technical scholarship. To celebrate worthily the dedication of this building and the increase in the resources of the library, a large audience

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assembled in Craven Memorial Hall on the evening of February 23, many distinguished guests coming from all parts of the State, while institutions of learning throughout the country sent congratulations. President Kilgo, in an address filled with the spirit of freedom and hope, said: "It is not a dream that this new library building, with its equipment and large additions of books, may institute a new order of things in North Carolina. Trinity College feels that it has a new calling to do hard service in behalf of Southern progress. . . . A new world seems about to open for us, because a very large addition has been made to our resources. With new and larger books will come new and deeper ideas, which in turn will bring forth broader and sturdier men." The dedicatory address was made by Mr. Walter H. Page, of New York City, who spoke vigorously and impressively on the subject, "The American Citizen of the New Era." At the conclusion of his address he paid tribute to the "colossal common sense and the prodigious advancement that is marked by the progress of Trinity College." Referring to Mr. Duke, the donor, he said that he called on him before leaving New York and asked him what message he must take to Trinity College. "Tell them," he said, "I expect each man to think for himself." "By that authority," said the speaker, "I dedicate this library to free thought. Free thought is the very atmosphere of an ideal democracy."

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Schools for Crippled Children

The schools for crippled children in New York City are doing a work which deserves wider notice and more liberal encouragement than it has received in the past. The Children's Aid Society, the Guild for Crippled Children, and individual interest, have co-operated in establishing six of these schools in the city within the past five years, and their progress during that time has been such as to prove the great usefulness of the work. It would be a mistake to consider them as charities in the common sense of the term. Their promoters have strenuously sought to prevent any such impression from being disseminated. The pupils are taught the rudimentary branches, and are trained in various useful occupations so as to be self-supporting, and then all practicable efforts are made to provide situations for them. The instruction includes kindergarten, the ordinary school course with manual training, and a trade school course in various practical occupations. This year a trade school for girls has been established, and next year a boys' department of like character will be opened. The welfare of the schools, which are now educating some hundreds of pupils, depends largely upon private contributions; and attention is called to what has been accomplished. The Children's Aid Society will be glad to give any information.

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The Author of "John Inglesant"

There is impressive, if tacit, comment on the rapidity and carelessness with which most fiction is hurried into print nowadays, in the fact that "John Inglesant" was in preparation for twenty years. Joseph Henry Shorthouse, its author, who died in London last week, left behind him several other works of an imaginative kind, and one at least, "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," deserved more than temporary popularity, yet his name will be chiefly remembered as that of the writer of the romance of English and Italian life in the seventeenth century. Nothing could be more incorrect than to class "John Inglesant" as a didactic or purely philosophical study. It did, indeed, present in lucid yet subtle manner the currents and countercurrents of religio-philosophical thought in a time when convictions on such matters were directly connected with affairs of state, political intrigue, and all the vital events of history. But, apart from this side of the book, it abounds in vivid pictures of England in the time of Charles I., and of Italy in one of its most complex periods of Papal intrigue and of social picturesqueness. There is, moreover, no lack of dramatic force and of striking incident in the tale. Finally, it is written in a style of rare distinction, and is beyond doubt a fine piece of literature. Mr. Shorthouse's best work, apart from his one great romance, is to be found in his critical essays on Wordsworth, Maurice, and George Herbert. He combined intellectual and imaginative qualities in a degree not often to be found among modern English prose writers.

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Un-Republicanism in Congress

The *bon mot* attributed to Senator Bailey is more than a *bon mot:* in effect, that he had come from a House which passed bills it did not debate, into a Senate which debated bills it never passed. Indeed, this is less than the truth; in the House the Rules are contrived to stifle debate, in the Senate to prevent action. Both the great political parties have declared themselves in favor of an Interoceanic Canal, but the Interoceanic Canal was halted in the Senate by one man; an overwhelming majority in both House and Senate favored opening our ports to the Philippines, but the Philippine tariff reduction was defeated by half a dozen men; the country demands, and Congress was ready to grant, tariff reduction to Cuba, but by a small minority tariff reduction to Cuba was defeated for the time, a new session was made necessary, and the reduction imperiled for the lack of the concurrence of the House; Congress with substantial unanimity desired to furnish some additional protection to the President from assassination, and the consummation of this desire was prevented by a single Senator on purely doctrinaire grounds.

The radical cause of the difficulty is plain. There are considerable numbers of men in both House and Senate who do not believe in the American principle of free discussion and the rule of the majority. This is really one principle; for the rule of the majority is a just rule only when it follows free public discussion. A partisan majority allowed to force through a measure by mere numbers without a discussion of its merits is quite as apt to be despotic or foolish, or both, as a single man. The House does not believe in public discussion, and is therefore often despotic. The Senate does not believe in majority rule; it does not provide for majority rule; it does not even allow the majority to rule; and therefore it is paralyzed and impotent. Add to this, that each wrong produces the other. The House passes measures which the minority is not permitted to debate; therefore the minority in the Senate debates them simply to prevent their passage. Despotic majorities in the House promote filibustering minorities in the Senate. And both bring contempt upon Congress and all its work.

The radical remedy is also plain: the election of men to the House who will not lend themselves to the stifling of debate, the election to the Senate of men who will not lend themselves to filibustering. Meanwhile men of both parties who believe in a return to the more creditable methods of the Fathers should unite their forces to prevent both abuses. The Rules of the House should be so amended as to put a limit to the power of the majority to order the previous question. The right of the minority to a reasonable opportunity to debate every question should be safeguarded. Debate before committees is not enough; it should be in the open, where the people through the press can hear and measure the arguments. And the Rules of the Senate should be so amended as either to confer upon a majority the right to order the previous question after a defined time has been spent in debate, or upon three-fourths or three-fifths the right to order the previous question at any time. At present Congress is in danger of falling into contempt because it treats the fundamental principle of republican government—the rule of the majority after free discussion—with contempt. If it desires to retain the respect of the American people, it must find a way to re-establish free discussion within orderly limits in the House, and re-establish the power to act after reasonable opportunity for *bona fide* debate in the Senate.

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The Race Problem

"A Southern View of the Negro," which we print on another page, is the view held by an increasing number of influential men and women in the South. Tendencies are determined, not by numbers, but by leaders, and leaders are always a minority. Mrs. Hammond represents the sentiments of Southern leaders; her view is that of thousands who are quietly acting on the conviction which she expresses; in a quarter of a century there will be no other view. The sentiment of the South is not interpreted by the mob which lynches a negro, any more than the sentiment of the North is interpreted by the mob which murders a "scab."

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For the sentiments of Northern laborers on the labor question we look to the utterances of labor leaders; for the sentiment of Southerners on the race question we look to the utterances of Southern leaders. It is this sentiment to which Mrs. Hammond gives expression.

At no time since the Civil War has the eventual solution of the race problem seemed to us so hopeful as it seems to-day. The recrudescence of Southern prejudice, to which Northern papers give a representation out of all proportion to its importance, is partly due to the increasing manifestation of Southern interest in the education and elevation of the negro. A movement for justice and humanity always intensifies the prejudice which it combats, as sunlight always intensifies the darkness in the corners which it has not yet penetrated. The hopefulness of the present situation lies in the fact that Northern and Southern leaders are coming to understand one another better than they did. If Southern sentiment is not growing more liberal, the liberal sentiment in the South is growing more outspoken; if Northern sentiment is not growing less doctrinaire, the rational sentiment in the North is growing more influential. Sectional and party prejudices are not as rampant as they were. Certain conclusions are already accepted by the great majority of those, both North and South, who take counsel of their judgment, not of their antipathies or their so-called intuitions, and on these conclusions all future progress in the solution of this problem must be based. Among these are the following:

I. The negro is here, and he is here to stay. He cannot be exterminated. It is physically impossible to kill nine millions of people; it would be morally unthinkable so to dispose of them. They are not dying out; on the contrary, they are increasing quite as rapidly in freedom as they did in slavery. To deport them to Africa is an impossible dream. Colonization, when it was proposed half a century ago, was mathematically impossible as a solution of the race problem. If the impossible could grow more impossible, colonization as a solution is more impossible in 1903 than in 1850. Nor could we afford to deport the negroes if we had the power. The prosperity of the South depends on negro labor. Neither earthquake, deluge, pestilence, war, nor famine would inflict on the South so great a commercial disaster as would the immediate and forcible deportation of the African race, if their deportation were conceivably possible.

II. The negroes will remain here as a separate race. Blacks and whites, Africans and Anglo-Saxons, will not intermarry. The two races will never intermingle as the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman races intermingled in Great Britain. Never means a long time; and if any doctrinaire is inclined on scientific or other grounds to question this assertion, let us say that there is no prospect of any such absorption of the negro race by the white race in our time, or in any time now to be taken account of. The race problem will not be solved, so far as this generation can see, by any intermingling of the races. If it were so solved, it would be by the deterioration of one race, if not of both. Irish, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, may possibly in time lose their distinctive peculiarities and be merged in one American race—the negroes never. The Southern protest against social equality is fundamentally a protest against race intermarriage and so against race deterioration. It may sometimes foster prejudice; but it is not itself a prejudice. It is a just, natural, divine instinct for the preservation of the race. Negroes and whites share in this instinctive desire for the separation of the races.

III. These two races, white and black, living as distinct races in the same community, and largely in the Southern States, must live in friendly relations with each other. On the maintenance of such friendly relations the well-being of both races depends. Whoever arouses prejudice of white against black or black against white is the enemy of both. Whatever missionary zeal so educates and inspires the negro as to enlist his prejudices against his white neighbor is a greatly mistaken missionary zeal. Whatever political leader so inspires the negro as to lead him instinctively to vote against whatever his white neighbors desire is leading the negro to his own detriment. Whatever education accustoms the negro to think of the white man as his competitor, his rival, his foe, and to look on him with jealousy and suspicion, is doing the negro

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more harm than good. And whatever influence in press or pulpit or politics has for its object to keep the negro down and to set the white against him is sowing a harvest of disaster for white no less than for black. Wise men at the North at the close of the war urged Northern men to work in co-operation with Southern men for the education of both white and black; and wise men in the North have been urging this ever since. But wise men are not always listened to. Unselfish but impracticable reformers, irrational doctrinaires, selfish politicians, sensational journals, unconscious demagogues guided by prejudice and inflamed by passion, have in unintentional alliance been sowing the seeds of suspicion and distrust, and the harvest which has sprung up from the sowing is not yet exhausted. The first duty of the North is to recognize the fact that, if the race problem is a National problem, it is also preeminently a Southern problem; that men in the South, who are lovers of their country, of liberty, and of their fellow-men, are trying to solve this problem on principles consonant with justice and freedom, and that the North can serve the negro race best by co-operation with the negro's white neighbor and largely under the white neighbor's leadership.

IV. If this black race is to live in contiguity with the white race in the South, it must be educated. An ignorant, superstitious, and immoral population is a drag upon any community; an intelligent and virtuous population is a blessing to any community. What the system of education should be is a matter for discussion; but that there should be some system of education is not a matter for discussion. Here there can be no room for argument. That the negro will be a better neighbor if he has learned the Ten Commandments, if he has learned not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to bear false witness, than if he has not learned that this is a part of religion, can hardly be questioned by any one. But this is education. That he will be a better neighbor if he has learned to be an intelligent farmer, carpenter, mechanic, if he has learned to be industrious, thrifty, economical, than if he scratches the surface of the ground with a hoe, lives in a one-roomed cabin, and borrows the money to live on at a ruinous rate of interest from the neighboring storekeeper, is also unquestionable. But this also is education.

V. That these primary lessons in manhood should precede the later superstructure appears to us not less indisputable. The negro should learn the Ten Commandments in English before he studies Hebrew; for morality is more fundamental to life than Biblical criticism. He should acquire the elements of industrial training before he studies Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics or even the English classics, because man's first duty is to support himself, and the first lesson which a free people have to teach a people just emancipated from slavery is how to support themselves. We believe in the higher education for the negro. We believe in it because we believe that the negro race will always remain distinct from the white race and will need, and increasingly need, its own lawyers and doctors and teachers and preachers. But this is not its first need. Its first need is the capacity to support itself, and the purpose to support itself by honest industry. The education of the negro is not a Northern fad; it is not a "Yankee notion." If Northern whites have shown a commendable interest in the negro's education, and have contributed many millions to its support, Southern whites have shown an even greater interest in the negro's education, and out of their poverty have contributed to it with a patient and self-denying persistence beyond all praise. The opposition to negro education in the South—sometimes noisy, but rarely if ever influential or effective—has but accentuated the resolute purpose of the Southern States to educate the negro race for the freedom into which it was so suddenly thrust, and for which it was so little prepared. The North has too long regarded the South as missionary ground. Too many Northerners have gone South as propagandists of Northern ideas. This was natural at the close of the war; it certainly is no longer necessary. The North and the South should co-operate in a common endeavor to furnish a universal education, and if money and men are still sent into the South from the North, it should only be because the South has needs and the North has means.

We are not here attempting a solution of the race problem. We are not attempt-

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ing even to state all our own views of the race problem. But in the solution of any problem, the first necessity is to distinguish the certainties from the uncertainties, the axioms from the questions. We here simply attempt to eliminate what are not questions. It is not a question that the negro race is here and is to remain here; that it is to remain a separate race not absorbed in the white race by any process of intermarriage; that the two races must live together in amicable relations based on mutual confidence, respect, and good will; that this necessitates the education of both races, and, for the negro race, education primarily in the elements of morality and in those branches of learning which, in this twentieth century, are necessary to adequate and comfortable self-support. It is because, thanks to such wise whites as General Armstrong and Mr. Frissell, Governor Aycock of North Carolina and Governor Montague of Virginia, and such wise negroes as Mr. Booker T. Washington, both North and South are coming to recognize these simple but fundamental postulates, that we regard the process of solving the race problem as already hopefully commenced.

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Sunday Opening of Saloons

District Attorney Jerome recently appeared before one of the Senate Committees at Albany and made an earnest speech in behalf of his bill to permit the saloons of New York City to sell liquor during certain hours on Sunday, without other restrictions than those provided for week-day sales. In brief, his argument was as follows:

If I could by my own will prohibit the sale of liquors, I would do so. This is impossible. What I do object to is the existence of an unenforceable law which brings with it unlimited corruption and blackmail. This is not a Sunday opening bill. It is a Sunday closing bill. I have the positive pledge of the United Brewers, Maltsters, and Wholesale and Retail Liquor-Dealers that, should this bill become a law, they will see to it that no business is done except between the hours of 1 P.M. and 11 P.M. on Sunday. They object to paying blackmail. They do not like to see the liquor-dealers of the Twentieth Precinct, for instance, paying $13,000 or $14,000 a year to the police for the privilege of keeping open on Sunday. They call Tammany a gang of grafters, but blackmail and corruption exist under the purity and holiness of the Low administration.

The Outlook agrees with Mr. Jerome in his abhorrence of legislation which by its defiance of public sentiment necessitates blackmail and perjury on the part of public officials sworn to maintain it. But in asking that saloons be opened on Sunday to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises and thus serve as loafing, treating, and tippling places when all other business is suspended, he also defies public sentiment in many if not most of the wards of New York City.

The policy of New York State is to recognize Sunday as a holiday. In the present industrial conditions a holiday for great classes of men can be secured only by legislative enactment prohibiting or limiting work on such days. The object of Sunday legislation is ended when rest is secured for all classes. Each individual should be left free to determine what use he will make of that rest, so long as he does not employ it so as to disturb his neighbor's rights. General business operations are prohibited by law. An exception is made in favor of hotels and restaurants, because they are necessary to the comfort and well-being of the community. Ought an exception to be made in favor of saloons for the same purpose? This is a question which, in our judgment, should be left for the local community to decide. If a local community, such as New York, desires to get its drink as well as its food on the Sabbath, it should be permitted to do so, provided it does so in such a way as not to disturb the Sunday quiet and the Sunday rest of the people at large.

If, therefore, Mr. Jerome were to ask the Legislature, not to repeal the Sunday law for the city of New York, but to allow the city of New York to determine for itself what its Sunday law should be, we should advocate the passage of the bill. Such a bill would simply extend over Sunday the local option principle recognized and applied to all other days of the week in all the rural sections of the State. But to ask the Legislature to take from the city of New York the protection for its day of rest which is extended over the rest of the State, without knowing whether the city of New York desires to have that protection removed or not, is to

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ask the Legislature to violate that principle of Home Rule which is or ought to be fundamental to all municipal legislation.

Meanwhile, in the absence of legislation, we do not see what the municipal government can do better than so to enforce the Sunday law as to prevent disturbance and disorder, and secure for all citizens quiet and repose, and not attempt to carry the enforcement of the law beyond that point.

If any one asks whether the city of New York wishes the abolition of Sunday legislation, we answer: Opinions of the well informed differ on that point; from the best light we can get, we judge that a majority of the people of the city are opposed to any opening of the saloons on Sunday as saloons, provided some way can be found by which the people can secure their wine and beer with their meals, in their homes, their restaurants, and their hotels. But the attempt of the Raines Law to accomplish this has proved an utter failure, and no better plan has as yet been proposed.

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Lenten Meditations

The New Commandment

Moses gave ten commandments; Christ gave but one:

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Christ's life gives a new interpretation to love. It is often said that Christ has summed up all religion in the two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But this is not Christ's summary of religion; this is Christ's summary of the Jewish religion. These are the great commandments in the Law. Christ's summary of religion for his followers is, "That ye love one another, as I have loved you." His rule of conduct is not the Golden Rule; that, again, is Jewish; it is "the law and the prophets." Christ's rule of conduct is, "Follow me." The Golden Rule is not a law of love, it is a rule of justice. Who am I that I have any right to ask of another that he treat me better that I would treat him if our positions were reversed? The law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is but this law of justice carried down into the sources of life.

Christ's standard of love and life is very different. It is: "As I have loved you." Did Christ love his neighbor no other or better than he loved himself? "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought equality with God not a prize to be seized, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being formed in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." Is this loving his neighbor only as he loved himself? He, the first recorded act of whose boyhood life was his cheerful relinquishment of education, after one memorable day in the Jewish University, and his return to the narrow life of a peasant, that he might help his father in the shop, and one of whose latest acts, as he hung upon the cross, was to commend, in fragmentary sentences, with his failing breath, his heartbroken mother to the care of the beloved disciple—did he love others only as he loved himself? When did he think of himself? When did his care, his comfort, his enjoyment, his refreshment, play a part in his life? To him love meant service and sacrifice. "The Son of man," he said, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Is this an impossible ideal? Must we leave it for hymns and homilies, for stories and dramas? Ask the Sisters of Mercy in many a hospital; ask the Red Cross nurses in the battlefield; ask Valley Forge and Gettysburg; ask the missionary chapel and the college settlement; ask Paul, and Luther, and William of Orange, and George Washington, and Robert E. Lee, and Abraham Lincoln, and General Armstrong; ask the mothers innumerable who have given their lives to the nurture of their children, that they may live in their children's future lives. Christ's commandment is written in the heart of man, and in our hours of vision we see its luminous letters and long to make it the law of our lives.

"What doth the Lord require of thee," asks Micah, "but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" To love mercy is more than to do justly:

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it is to desire to do unto others more than we would ask them to do unto us; it is pity for the suffering, compassion for the ignorant, love for the undeserving. It is to eat with publicans and sinners; it is to pass by the pious priest and go to the house of Zaccheus; it is still to love the friend who in the hour of trial deserts us, as Christ loved Peter; it is to hold with tenacity of patience to the false friend who betrays us, as Christ held to Judas Iscariot. The cross, not the balance-sheet, is the symbol of Christianity. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant:" this is Christ's measure of greatness. "Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich:" this is Paul's summary of Christ's life. "He laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren:" this is John's interpretation of that life.

Christ gave to his disciples but one commandment: That ye love one another, as I have loved you. His example is our only rule of conduct; his spirit of love our only law of life.

❀

A School Reform

No matter of greater importance to the higher interests of New York State is now before the public than the question of the unification of the control of its educational institutions. Several bills are now before the State Legislature bearing on this subject. One provides for an addition of nine to the membership of the Board of Regents, and practically constitutes that body a Board of Education to carry on the work at present in the charge of the Department of Public Instruction. This bill does not meet with the approval of the Regents, who propose to introduce a measure which will end the present system of double control and secure the unification of the educational system of the State by bringing all institutions, from the lowest to the highest grade, under the direct management of the Board as now constituted. A third bill provides for the appropriation of $135,000 to be distributed by the Regents among the high schools of the State in order to provide for the instruction of students who come from districts in which high-school facilities are not offered. The Superintendent is reported as opposed to this bill on the ground that this appropriation, if made, ought to be expended under the direction of his department.

Even a casual examination of these three measures brings out the evil inherent in the present situation—the evil which always inheres in the attempt to deal with one group of institutions, or with a single department of the public life of a State, by two or more organizations. From this evil New York has suffered for many years. The University of the State of New York was incorporated in 1784. It became a constitutional body in 1895. The Department of Public Instruction was established in 1854. The two organizations were supposed to occupy different fields, the public elementary schools being under the Department of Public Instruction, the academies and other institutions of secondary and higher learning under the management of the University. Even if the operations of the two bodies could be kept in different fields, the evils which grow out of an attempt thus arbitrarily to draw a line across the field of education, which is essentially and necessarily one, would inevitably develop in the course of time. As a matter of fact, the separation has never been practically made; and there has been constant friction between the two bodies.

There are in the State one hundred and twelve school commissioner districts for the purposes of common-school or primary education, exclusive of cities. These districts are subdivided into smaller districts in accordance with the requirements of localities. By a law passed in 1853, school districts were authorized to form "union free school districts" in order to secure a higher class of graded schools; the governing boards in these union free school districts being elected by the voters of the district and responsible to the school commissioner, but under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who, according to statute, apportions and distributes the appropriations made by the Legislature for the support of such schools. Academic departments in such union free school districts come under the visitation of the Regents

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and receive funds from them. Boards of education in these union free school districts must apply to preacademic grades grants from the Superintendent and to academic grades grants from the Regents. To the State Superintendent is also given general supervision over all matters relating to the training and licensing of teachers. He also acts as a court of ultimate appeal in all questions which may arise over school matters. "His decision," reads the statute, "shall be final and conclusive, and not subject to question or investigation in any place or court whatever." The Superintendent is chosen by joint ballot of the Legislature for a term of three years.

The University of the State of New York includes "all institutions of academic or higher education which are now or may hereafter be incorporated in this State, together with the State Library and State Museum," and is governed by a Board of Regents composed of nineteen persons, who are elected for life by the Legislature; the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction being members *ex officio*. The Regents serve without pay. They have the power to prescribe standards of examination, to confer charters on colleges, academies, and other educational institutions, and to impose upon such institutions such restrictions as they think wise. They also determine the preliminary education required of professional students and they examine and license physicians, dentists, veterinaries, and public accountants. They also have the power to suspend the charter of any institution, or to change it at will.

This brief explanation brings out the different functions of the two bodies which have charge of educational matters in this State. The friction between the two organizations has been increased by the rapid growth in numbers and importance of the academic department in the union free school district. The high school is an evolution out of the common school which is under the control of the district board and the school commissioner, the latter being responsible to the State Superintendent and in large measure controlled by him. The Regents, on the other hand, have the right of visitation and examination of the high schools, and the fixing of the standards of these schools; and the enlargement of the educational facilities which these schools offer seems to bring them more and more by force of logic within the field which is under the control of the Regents. It is in the exercise of the power of visitation and investigation that friction has developed between the Regents and the Department of Public Instruction; and the position taken by the Regents, that the spending of the proposed appropriation of $135,000 among the various high schools of the State should be in their hands, would seem to be entirely reasonable. It is distinctly for purposes of secondary education, appropriations for which have been administered invariably through the Regents.

The Board of Regents have issued an appeal to the Governor, the Legislature, and the people of the State, calling attention to recent evidences of the evils arising from the dual system of State supervision of public education, and urging that the exclusive power of the supervision of public education be committed to their own Board on two grounds: first, because the dual system inevitably creates friction and prevents the freest development of educational organization in the State; and, second, because the lodging of the supervision of public education in their hands would forever take the schools of the State out of politics.

These are two very cogent reasons, which will appeal to all intelligent voters of the State, without respect to party. The prime necessity of single, harmonious highly efficient organization of the schools, and keeping them absolutely free from political influence and out of the field of political action, is self-evident; it needs no demonstration. The Regents constitute the oldest educational organization in the State; they are, as Governor Odell has said, "absolutely without partisanship and actuated by the highest motives and the purest sentiment." There may be reasons for modifying the constitution of the Board of Regents. Possibly it should be a smaller body; possibly its members should not have a life tenure; possibly the size of the body and the life tenure tend to prevent educational progress. These allegations are made, and they may be true; but if true, the remedy is the

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reorganization of the Board, and not a continuance of the present dual system, still less a plan which directly or indirectly would devolve educational legislation in detail upon an already overburdened Legislature. The Board of Regents should be made the educational legislative body; the Superintendent of Public Instruction should be appointed by the Board and be amenable to the Board. The whole educational system of the State should be unified under the one control.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XI.

May 5.

IN Rome at last—the city of contrasts: of Nero and of Marcus Aurelius, of Cicero and of Seneca, of Gregory VII. and of Alexander VI., of the Coliseum and of St. Peter's, of palaces and of poverty, of piety and of superstition, of self-sacrifice and of self-indulgence, where Bruno was burnt and where Luther was reborn, theater of the most beastly orgies and of the most splendid religious pageants, the Babylon and the Jerusalem of European history. I believe in air castles: if I had not dreamed for years of visiting Rome, I never should have reached it. We were welcomed at the station by our old friends Signor and Madame ——. To be in their house is like being at home—a luxury after two months of steamer and hotel life. Our supper we found laid in our room, and a little fire burning in the open stove—for it is strangely cold for April. The day has been full of excitement. The ride from Naples here has been one of strange beauty. I am weary but not sleepy. But I want to waste no days in Rome, and if I am not to waste to-morrow in resting, I must rest to-night. I will stop thinking and go to sleep.

May 6.

When you get to Rome, said a friend in America, take a carriage and spend a day in driving about the city. Then take the evening train for Florence; or—unpack your trunks and stay a year. We have followed the first part of the advice, and driven this afternoon about the city. We cannot unpack our trunks and stay a year, but I have already in my own mind resolved to prolong our stay from two weeks to three, even if we have to sacrifice something of Florence and Venice to do so. We had a driver so intelligent that we dubbed him Cicero, and Madame —— went with us and was our guide and our interpreter.

We drove first through the heart of the city, across the Tiber and up the slope of the Janiculum Hill, which is laid out as a drive and parkway. From one of its eminences we could see the city of Rome beneath us, the Tiber dividing it into two unequal sections; the Seven Hills of Rome discernible even without our glasses, and so far distinguishable that our driver could point them out to us, although in one case the valley between the neighboring hills has been filled up, either by the process of time, the destructions of war, or the art of man, so that the two hills are no longer separable to the eye, at least at a distance. Upon those hills were clearly discernible, on the Quirinal, the palace of the King; on the Capitoline, the Museum; on the Palatine, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars; on the Aventine, the Dominican Monastery; on the distant Viminal, the residences of the best families of modern Rome, and almost equidistant, though in another direction, the dome of St. Peter's. Then we drove by a winding road up to the over-elaborate statue of Garibaldi, so constructed, it is said, whether by accident or design I do not know, that all the guns of the group of soldiers are pointing at the Vatican, which, with its pleasure grounds and summer residence for the Pope, is in full view; then down the hill to St. Peter's, stopping long enough only to get the view of its appearance from the front with the semicircular cloisters leading up to it, and the fountains playing in the square before it; then across the Tiber by the famous Castle of St. Angelo, which has witnessed so many dark deeds of treachery and cruelty, to the Pincian Hill and the adjoining Borghese Gardens—the two together constituting the chief pleasure-ground and

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popular promenade of Rome; and thence back to our home on the Viminal. We have thus, in an afternoon, driven through the heart of the city and made a circuit perhaps three-quarters of the way about it, and, thanks to our interpreter and to Cicero, have returned with a very good general idea of its topography and the location of its most notable sights.

This is preliminary to visiting it in detail —and studying it? Yes! the temptation is not to be resisted. I lay aside my resolution to do no serious work while I am abroad. I have had nearly two months of rest; for three weeks I will give myself the pleasure of a little study. I wish I could spend three months instead of three weeks here. I should like to get out of my library Mommsen's "History of Rome" to revive my knowledge of its general history, Froude's "Cæsar" to give me a picture of the city in the first century, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" to carry the picture down to the time of Marcus Aurelius, Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" to recall the part it played in the first few centuries of the Christian era, Creighton's "History of the Popes" to re-read his description of its social and religious condition under the Borgias, Lanciani's "New Tales of Old Rome" to connect all this history with its present topography and remains, and Countess Cesaresco's "Liberation of Italy" to bring before me in brief its most recent political history. Probably this would only whet my appetite for a much more thorough study than would be possible with only these books and only three months to study in.

But when one cannot do what he would, he must be content to do what he can. With the aid of Baedeker and B——'s knowledge of ancient history, which is much fresher than mine, I can at least connect what I see with what little I remember, and jot down here impressions to give life to future studies or definiteness to future reflections. Yes! this is what I will do. I will not attempt to record daily experiences; that I clearly see would be useless. I will record only conclusions. In Rome these pages shall be the posted entries of a ledger, not the daily entries of a journal. For the attempt to preserve here the details of daily observations would be like an attempt to give a photograph of the Forum with all its columns, arches, walls, broken busts, or of a great gallery with its forest of statues and torsos; in such a picture no feature would be distinguishable, because the plate had ambitiously endeavored to reproduce them all.

May 7.

I supplemented yesterday's drive about the city by a walk to-day through the heart of it with Signor ——. One gets a familiarity, a closeness of acquaintance, by a walk, which one cannot get in a carriage. Partly from this drive, partly from the walk, partly from the conversations with my friends who are familiar with Rome in all its phases, I find already my apprehension of Rome systematizing itself even before I have any real knowledge to be systematized. It is very well, I think, to construct the pigeonholes for one's facts before the facts are known, that one may be able to classify them as they come into his possession. B—— says rightly that Rome has no atmosphere. It is essentially a cosmopolitan city—in that respect wholly unlike Naples. Except for the variously uniformed ecclesiastics whom we meet at every turn, there are no curious costumes; except for the ruins which one may happen on everywhere in his walks, Rome might be any Continental city. And yet a little reflection impresses one with the conviction that this lack of distinction is itself a distinction.

There are three Romes, indistinguishable except by after-reflection, one built upon the other, yet all remaining to bewilder and perplex the observer—ancient or classical Rome, mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome, and modern Rome. The center and symbol of classical Rome are the Palatine and the Forum, though remains of the ancient capital are scattered in massive ruins about the city and in busts and statues in various states of preservation in the galleries, public and private. The center and symbol of mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome are St. Peter's and the Vatican—perhaps I should say St. Peter's in the Vatican, though one meets with monuments of ecclesiastical Rome in mediæval churches on every corner, many of them containing some picture, statue, relic, or mosaic which gives them a value in the eye of the devout, the antiquarian, and perhaps the art-lover. Most of the pictures, too, in the art galleries are by the "old masters," and represent a medi-

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æval or quasi-mediæval type of art. The modern city is more political and educational than commercial. The commercial center is the Corso, a rather narrow street running from one side of the city to one of its centers; the political symbols are the old Parliament House, the new Palace of Justice—as yet incomplete—and the Departmental buildings, scattered, like those of Washington, about the city; the social symbols are the palaces with their art treasures and their gardens—the palaces somber and almost prison-like without, but ornate and artistic within, generally built with colonnades about an open square or courtyard; the intellectual center and symbol are the two Roman Catholic theological seminaries (one educating for foreign, the other for home, service), the Vatican Library with its invaluable and still insufficiently explored manuscripts, the colleges, whose relation to the seminaries is something analogous to that of the Oxford Colleges to the Oxford University, and the art schools and art students, the latter to be seen in the various galleries, sketch-book or canvas and easel in hand. I mean to divide my time unequally between these three cities. My first thought I shall give to ancient Rome; my second to ecclesiastical or mediæval Rome; as to modern Rome, I will see in it what chance brings to me—I shall have little enough time to divide between the other two.

May 8.

To-day being Ascension Day, we went in the afternoon to a vesper service at San Giovanni, which we are told has the best music in Rome. It was extraordinarily beautiful. One soloist in particular thrilled me by his singing; for a long time I could not determine whether the voice was masculine or feminine; it possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities of both a tenor and a soprano. I at length concluded that it was a man's voice, and I have since been told that its possessor is known in Rome as the Pope's angel. I am surprised to learn that St. Peter's is not a cathedral at all; San Giovanni is the cathedral church of Rome, and mass is said here only by the Pope or by his spiritual representative; since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government as the capital of Italy, only by the latter, because, since that occupation, the Pope never leaves the Vatican. There are practically no seats in San Giovanni; the congregation, which relatively to the church was not large, stood clustered about the chancel; and the music was very seriously disturbed by the moving about of companies of sight-seers, some with Baedekers and some with breviaries in their hands, and, so far as I could see, the latter no more reverent than the former, save for a brief bowing or kneeling to the altar when they entered. The general effect was that of a promenade sacred vocal concert. But this was a special day and a special service, and it would not be fair to judge of the general effect of services in the churches of Rome from this one instance.

May 10.

I have been three times to see the Forum, and twice to see the Palatine; let me try to set down here some general impressions which have been produced by these visits. They will be like a composite photograph; they will reproduce nothing specific that I have seen, only general impressions; but I can recall specific remains and ruins better by the aid of Lanciani than I can by the aid of my own note-book.

Several days ago E—— took her Baedeker and with a friend explored the Forum without a guide, and by the process fixed in her own mind quite clearly the more impressive features of this confused and heterogeneous mass of ruins. Then I went with her, and with her aid got what I may call the lay of the land. Then we resolved to try an experience with Mr. Reynaud. There are two men who give peripatetic lectures in Rome, Mr. Forbes and Mr. Reynaud. They are more than guides, they are less than lecturers. Mr. Reynaud had been recommended to us as both interesting and satisfactory, and so we found him. He meets his audience —from ten to twenty—at the entrance, and walks over the ground selected for the lecture, explaining the ruins as the party come to them, and interpreting their significance by legend and history—not always discriminating between the two. How much of a scholar he is I do not know, but he is thoroughly familiar with the ground; he has facility of expression, some imagination, a good deal of quiet humor, and, if he sometimes mingles his-

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tory and legend in his narratives, I should say that this is not because he lacks knowledge, but because he judges that it is not wise to attempt the difficult task of disentangling the two, especially with the limited time at his disposal and the auditors he has to address. In this I think he is wise; the attempt at disentanglement would probably only perplex his hearers. He follows Lanciani very closely; speaking broadly, it might be said that he gives an epitome of Lanciani as I give here an epitome of his two lectures, so that this is hardly more than an epitome of an epitome, or, to speak more accurately, my impression of his impression of Lanciani's impression. B—— and I, however, had gone over the Forum by ourselves before we went over it with him; we have gone over the Palatine since we went over it with him; and in the evenings I have done a little reading in Lanciani, borrowed for the purpose. These general observations—they cannot be called studies—have left on my mind a very vague impression of details, but a very vivid impression of certain general features of Roman life, which I here attempt to preserve that it may not utterly fade away.

The Palatine is a conically shaped hill, though irregular in form, the top of which has been somewhat, and I judge considerably, extended by substructures built up from below. On the top of the hill the Cæsars built in succession three or four great palaces; three I recall—those of Caligula (or Little Boots, to translate his nickname literally), Augustus, and the Flavian Emperors. Of the former little more than some of the substructure is left, unless it is still existent but buried beneath the gardens of the Farnese laid out here in the Middle Ages. The site of the second is still occupied by a nunnery, which, according to Mr. Reynaud, is to be removed when the remaining nuns have "gone to glory." Enough of the walls of the Flavian palace remain to give one a tolerable conception of this enormous structure, with its throne-room or palace of justice, its general gathering-room or courtyard, its dining-hall, its lecture-hall, etc. One curious feature was the *vomitorium*, a little room adjoining the dining-hall to which a guest retreated when he had eaten all that he could hold, and tickled his throat with a straw to compel himself to throw up his dinner that he might begin again. If D'Artagnan's servant had been familiar with the *vomitorium*, he would not have said with a sigh, "Eat as much as you please; you can eat but one dinner at a time." Adjoining this palace are the ruins of what is called the Stadium, which may have been either a place for public games or a kind of inclosed garden, or, perhaps, a spot which served both purposes; the ruins of a small house which Mr. Reynaud wishes to believe was the veritable house of Romulus, founder of Rome, but of which nothing more can be said than that it probably belongs to the period *before* the Roman Republic, *i. e.*, I believe the seventh or eighth century before Christ; the house of the mother of Nero, which is in a remarkable state of preservation; and—below and partly under the hill—the ruins of a house and school for the imperial slaves. On one side of this Palatine hill in the valley below was the Circus Maximus, the great chariot racecourse, where the people gathered for their favorite sport; on the opposite side was the Sacred Way—which was an avenue bordered by shops, temples, a great Court House, the Senate House, and the Forum or gathering-place of the people, where they debated, bargained, talked politics, heard the news and the gossip, listened to public speeches, and were occasionally inflamed to impetuous and unrestrained passion. This valley is crowded with ruined walls, pillars, arches, and pavements. Along a third side of the hill ran a road connecting the Forum with the Circus; along the fourth side the broad highway along which victorious generals passed in their triumphal processions, when they returned to be received with divine honors in the Forum by the applauding crowds. On the opposite side of this last avenue was the Coliseum, built after the death of Nero, and constituting the most gigantic amphitheater for amusement that the world has ever seen. In another direction, but adjoining the Forum Romanum, were more temples, court houses, and fora, of which little is now left, except the Column of Trajan.

B—— and I stood upon the Palatine, and looked down upon the Forum Romanum. The history of the past passes in a strange weird phantasmagoria before

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me: Romulus and Remus laying out the boundary-lines of the future city; Virginius seizing a knife from the nearest butcher's shop and plunging it into the heart of his daughter to save her from shame; Castor and Pollux bringing the news of the victory of the Romans which saved their city from destruction and them from servitude; Cicero impaling Catiline with sharpened invectives, which pierce him like the spear-heads of a Roman cohort; Cæsar stabbed by the conspirators, and Marc Antony firing the populace to furious wrath against the assassins; Paul pleading the cause of religious liberty before Nero, winning his cause at the first trial only to lose it ten years later, so effectually that religious liberty was never again known in the city till re-established by Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in 1870; Titus marching along the Sacred Way, leading in triumph the priests of Jerusalem with the silver trumpets, the golden candlesticks, and the table of shew-bread, afterward engraved upon the Arch where they may still be seen; Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and their bones gathered up with sacred care to be buried in the still existing catacombs outside the city walls; Constantine celebrating his victory over his rival Maxentius—a victory which ended in the overthrow of the pagan religion, the substitution of a paganized Christianity in its place, and the abandonment of Rome and the substitution of Constantinople as the world's capital; and then the curtain falls on the classical period of Rome, on its barbaric strength and moral weakness, its pagan splendor and its theatrical taste, its patrician wealth and its plebeian poverty.

These ruins seem to me to be symbols of its transient greatness. There are a few solid and substantial marble pillars; but most of the structures were made of concrete, brick, or cheap soft stone, veneered with marble. Their beauty was borrowed from Greece and was superficial; their structures were their own, and were cheap and perishable. I am impressed by this difference between the glory of Greek architecture as one sees it in the Acropolis and that of Rome as one sees it in the Forum. The temples of Greece were creations of beauty, constructed to express the Greeks' love of the beautiful; the Roman temples were artifices of display constructed to celebrate the maker; the first were the natural expression of art-genius, the others were constructed to win admiration for their builders. In Athens are the Temples to Theseus, to winged Victory, to Jupiter, to Athena; in the Forum, Temples of Faustina, of Julius Cæsar, of Castor and Pollux. The ruins of Greece retain their beauty in their ruin; the ruins of Rome are big rather than beautiful, and are impressive rather for their pathetic decrepitude than for their immortal charm. This suggestion of the difference between Greece and Rome, which I derive neither from Mr. Reynaud nor from Lanciani, but from B——, has been more and more impressed on me at every new visit to the Forum and the Palatine, and it has been still further reinforced by our visits to the galleries of Rome, where are gathered almost innumerable relics of a past age. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful, but they are for the most part Greek in their conception if not in their execution; this is pre-eminently true of the collections in the Museum on the Capitoline Hill and in the Museum in the Baths of Diocletian.

I am aware that this generalization, like most generalizations, is too broad to be wholly true. The Coliseum impressed us even more by the beauty of its great curves and the harmony of its arches, rising tier above tier, than by its size; the pillars which remain of Castor and Pollux rival in their beauty any we saw in Greece; and there are two little pillars in the Forum, I forget to what they belong, that are solid marble and exquisite in their form and their proportions. Despite these and perhaps some other exceptions, as the two elaborately carved columns, one to Trajan, one to Marcus Aurelius, with the incongruous statues of St. Peter on the one and St. Paul on the other, which some Pope with more church pride than classical taste has put upon the top of them, the moral decay of Rome is pathetically symbolized in its ruins. They leave on me an impression that the golden age of Rome might more appropriately be called the gold-plate age of Rome; that its glory was the glory of *nouveau riche;* that its splendor was as shallow and meretricious in its quality as it was egotistical in the spirit which inspired it. L. A.

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A Southern View of the Negro

By L. H. Hammond

The author of the following article is a daughter of Southern parents—both slaveholders and both the children of slaveholders. Twenty-eight of the forty-three years of her life have been passed in the South. Her husband is a son of a slaveholder, and some years of active work with the Woman's Home Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have given her exceptional opportunities for getting at an understanding of the point of view of thoughtful and philanthropic people through most of the Southern States regarding the Race Question. The Outlook believes that the Race Problem is one of the two most important National problems which the people of the United States have to meet and solve. It also believes that no civilized people have made in so short a time over such difficult obstacles so great an amount of industrial, educational, and social progress as the Southern people have made in the forty years since the Civil War. Believing this, and believing that the Race Question must, in its last analysis, be solved by the South itself, it sees, in spite of some manifestation, both North and South, of conflict, irritation, and misunderstanding, every promise that a solution will finally be reached. But it can be reached only by dealing with it, on the part both of the Northerner and the Southerner, in the spirit to which the following article by a Southern woman gives expression.—THE EDITORS.

WHATEVER antagonism exists between the Southern whites and the negroes is pretty well known in all its phases to the country at large; but the more hopeful aspects of their mutual relations seem little understood beyond our own borders. It is known, for instance, that many Southern people hope for no solution of the negro problem which will allow the negro to remain in the South on friendly terms with his white neighbor. Colonization, voluntary or enforced, is their expedient. There are also those who prophesy the extinction of the negro as a natural result of a higher civilization acting upon a lower race. But side by side with these impatient or despondent people is a large and growing class of Southern whites whose point of view is less well known abroad. They agree with the other class with regard to the facts of the negro's needs and deficiencies—these are too near at hand and too clamorous to be overlooked or mistaken. But, while assenting to the general conditions, they note the increasingly numerous exceptions to the rule, and draw from the acknowledged facts more hopeful conclusions than do their neighbors. It is for this class that I wish to speak.

There is among us so strong a disapproval of some aspects of negro education that we are sometimes thought of as opposed to their education altogether. One fact should end this misapprehension. The Southern whites, though still paying ninety-two per cent. of all money for school purposes, spent, in the twenty-five years following the war, $120,000,000 on schools for the negroes. In relation to the need it was a small sum, but it was great in relation to the poverty from which it came.

The feeling against college training for negroes is certainly strong, but the cause for it is not hard to understand. It is always both an easy and a dangerous thing to develop the minds of ignorant people faster than their moral natures; and many of the negroes have been thrust into a new world to which they are imperfectly related mentally, and not at all related morally. Such negroes despise the old life of manual labor, though incapable of making an honest living in any other way, while their wants and ambitions have been multiplied. Whatever their color, people like that are a menace to any community; and the Southern people have suffered enough from the mistaken beginnings of negro education to be pardoned if they are oversensitive at this point. But they do not deny the negro's right to a college education. The Southern Methodist Church—as a member of that Church I can speak more definitely of it than of any other—has long been committed to the higher education of the negro in Paine Institute at Augusta, Ga. This institution is the joint property of the Colored Methodist Episcopal

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Church—a negro organization—and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and has the official indorsement of the General Conference as well as of the several Annual Conferences. Its President is a member of an old South Carolina family, and its faculty is made up of Southern white and negro teachers. For years this school has been sending out men and women of good scholarship and fine character to become leaders of their race as teachers, preachers, and citizens.

In regard to social equality, the better class of negroes do not want it. Certainly they will never get it, South or North, for at least as far in the future as the mind of the white man can project itself; but this fact does not prevent mutual kindliness nor respect. In the best stores of our Southern cities white women can be seen to wait while the clerk attends to the colored customer who preceded them, and not one of them apparently gives it a thought. In the banks negro men take their place in line, and white men wait their turn behind them. Down on our public square, where the street is being repaved, white men and negroes work side by side, as they did to build the house in which I live. If antipathy exists, a friendly spirit is still more evident. No honorable negro lacks the respect of his white neighbors. This respect does not take the form of social intercourse, which such negroes desire as little as we; but it is none the less expressed and understood.

It is difficult for the people of the North to understand either the pressure of the whole great race problem upon us as a people, or its endless ramifications into the smallest details of our individual daily lives. The sharpest criticism of the negro we ever hear comes from the Northerners who come to live among us, and who find the dirt, shiftlessness, and dishonesty of the colored laborers, men and women, quite beyond endurance. They cannot understand why we "put up" with it all, and look askance at us, as lazy and shiftless ourselves—an opinion, be it observed, from which we radically dissent! After years of painful discipline—if they do not give up the struggle first, and return to the land of cleanliness and trained workers—they come to one of two conclusions. Either they do their work themselves, and are looked down upon by the darkies as "po' white trash;" or they adopt the attitude of their Southern neighbors, endure the pilfering and the slipshod work, and do what they can to awaken in these childish and undeveloped creatures some idea of trustworthiness and honor. It is not an attractive task. The long procession of incompetents tramp through our homes and business houses, never content long enough anywhere for the kindest or wisest of us to make much of an impression on them.

It is the more difficult to make any lasting impression upon them for the reason that, as a race, they are grateful only superficially, and in the immediate presence of expected benefits. But those of us who are discouraged by this patent and ubiquitous fact forget that gratitude is not a primal instinct; it is a late development in the progress of any race from barbarism, as in the growth of the normal civilized child. An illustration such as any housekeeper can furnish is found in a girl whom I tried hard to help during the year in which she cooked for me, and who left me at a moment's notice one morning when told that, on account of unusual rain and mud, the porch needed an extra scrubbing. I was ill and without other help, but that troubled her not a whit. Two weeks later the "collector," finding that she had left me and thinking her unprotected, tried to take away the furniture she had nearly paid for on the installment plan. She came to me with the untroubled confidence of a child, and of course received help as freely as she asked it. Embarrassment was of another world. Such matters are refreshing from their comical side, and should burden nobody with a sense of the negro's depravity. They spring from an undeveloped mental and moral consciousness. A few generations of reasonable patience and the negro will have passed this trying point.

But there is a darker side. It would be difficult to exaggerate the lack of morals among the mass of the negroes. Yet the whole human race has come up from the depths in this respect; and, remembering how recently their forefathers were savages, the situation is not without encouragement. Whatever the height of our

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own moral superiority, it must, in God's eyes, just measure the depth of our debt to the weaker race. The difference pledges us, not to condemnation, but to service.

But there are chaste negroes and honest ones. I know many personally, and I cannot think my own experience very exceptional. A woman who was in my house thirteen years—a girl grown up since the war—is a fair specimen of this class. I believe in her virtue entirely, and would trust her with anything I possess, while her long and faithful service compels my genuine affection; and I am but one of thousands who could bear a like testimony.

It is in these exceptional negroes, and in their constantly, if slowly, increasing numbers, that we find a visible warrant for our faith in the future of their race, as well as for our faith in the providence which has bound up their future with that of our whole country.

Southern white women are sometimes said to be indifferent to the needs of the colored people. The charge is not without foundation; yet very many of the negro's best friends and most sympathetic helpers are to be found among the women who have inherited this attitude toward them from their mothers and grandmothers. In their painful progress from barbarism the negroes owe much to the Christian Southern women of the past, and more than is known to those of the present.

The new industrial school at Paine Institute is a sign, small but significant, of a growing desire among Southern women to help their darker neighbors through organized effort. It is also an indication of the growing belief that a final solution of the whole difficult problem will be reached for the mass of the race along the lines laid down at Hampton and Tuskegee. This school has been enterprised by the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which is composed of women from every Southern State. A young colored woman, a graduate of Hampton, was placed at Paine this fall as instructress, and Dr. Walker writes that she is doing fine work notwithstanding the temporary lack of suitable accommodations. We have just let the contract for two industrial cottages, to be erected at once. We offered the work to a negro contractor living in Atlanta, an ex-slave; but, to his regret and ours, his time and resources for months ahead were already pledged in contracts with white people living in that city, and he could not undertake it.

It is chiefly industrial education, with its already notable good results, that is changing the attitude of many of the thinking men of the South to one of unmistakable hopefulness. Dr. J. J. Tigert, the editor of the "Southern Methodist Review," and one of the acknowledged leaders of his denomination, says in a recent editorial:

> We confess, for our own part, that we no longer share the pessimism with respect to the insolubility of the problem which has seemed to dominate much of Southern thought and sentiment. There are too many indications of the steady improvement of the negro in his Southern habitat. Commercially, educationally, religiously, the colored man is on the up grade. Many of his race are earning the cordial respect of the white people of the South by good conduct alike on the farm and in the shop, in the school and in the church. Social and moral distinctions, which are recognized by the negroes themselves, are rapidly developing among them. He who looks upon the race as a common mass of uniform quality is vastly mistaken. The worthless elements are no doubt still present in large proportions; but the worthy elements are visible and growing to him who has eyes to see. Time and patience will be needed for a permanent solution of all the difficulties of the situation; but the practical demands of business life, and various influences, both emancipating and conservative, which grow out of daily association and common interests, will make their scarcely perceptible contributions until, in ways whose operation is not measurable, but whose results are determinative, the vast and complex problem of the two races living side by side in concord and amity will be solved.

To some at the North these words may seem over-sanguine in view of the recent wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in several of the Southern States. The charge which is brought against these States is not that negroes unfit to vote are excluded from the ballot, but that white men equally ignorant are not excluded also. But whenever the great majority of intelligent citizens in any State do a thing which to those at a distance appears unjust, it is safe to conclude that the action cannot be explained by the assumption that the intelligent majority has either laid aside its intelligence or has acted from unworthy motives. Explanations like that do not

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explain, North or South. Mistakes may be made, the correcting of which will be costly enough; but in every State in the Union there is enough of the spirit of patriotism and of fair play to prevent the securing of any great majority for an act of selfish tyranny. As a matter of fact, the ignorant white vote at the South has never been, as at the North, a menace to good government. Such voters have not been gathered into towns, but scattered through the country, and coming into frequent and friendly touch with the educated classes both in the country and in the towns where they go to do their trading. They have stood entirely apart from questions of municipal government, and have been overwhelmingly on the side of law and order in the country communities. The dangers of our political life have come from the manipulation of the ignorant colored vote by a few unscrupulous whites. It is impossible for the North to realize or the South to forget the horror of the days when that vote ruled the South. In the interest of both races, for the sake of justice and decency, it must never rule again. The States which have barred the ignorant black vote but not the ignorant white vote have drawn, not a color line, but what they believe to be a danger line. All this is said, not in defense of an abstract principle, but in explanation of a concrete fact.

There are many men in the South who do not favor the retention of the ignorant white vote. The majority of them, as might be expected, are found in those States where the ignorant black vote is less overwhelming or the ignorant white vote more significant than elsewhere—that is, where the conditions tend to approximate those of the North.

It should be remembered that those States which have disfranchised these ignorant voters are taxing every resource equally with the other States to educate the negroes and to fit them for citizenship. There is neither the intention nor the wish to keep them disqualified, nor to bar them out when qualified. They are admitted as voters, and will be for years to come, on a lower level than would admit them to suffrage in one of the wisest Northern States. A mistake may have been made, but it was in the sincere belief that it was best for all classes, and with no desire to oppress the helpless or to shirk the duty laid upon the South of solving the negro problem in justice and honor.

To those of us who believe most thoroughly in a restricted suffrage the country over, there is a danger in the future which is as yet unknown among us. The rapid growth of our manufactures is drawing the scattered country population into our cities and laying the foundations of the Southern slum. The conditions which have hitherto safeguarded the ignorant white vote are rapidly changing, and the seeds of a new peril to clean municipal government are being sown. Unless the school term can be lengthened and compulsory education laws passed throughout the South, our children will find that the color line and the danger line no longer coincide. The ignorant white voter of to-day will give no trouble; but what of to-day's mill children, controlled a few years hence by the political boss? The spectacle so long familiar at the North may yet be seen at the South—the intelligent white vote arrayed against the ignorant white vote, and fighting it in the interest of good government.

But it is with the present situation that we are now concerned. We cannot, if we would, deny the crimes against the negroes which have been committed among us; but we believe that the great majority of whites will yet find a way to put an end to that which they condemn, and that the negroes themselves will eventually be raised above the moral level on which the terrible provocation is given.

It is a tremendous task which is laid upon the Southern whites, both in behalf of the negroes and to hold fast by patience and hopefulness within their own hearts. It is for the North, free from the daily burdens and conflicts which that task involves, to give us more of generous and brotherly understanding. With all her heroic effort, the white children of the South in many places are still inadequately provided for; to meet even in a small measure the needs of the colored population often seems to involve the sacrifice of needed provision for the whites. There is nothing comparable to it in all the North or West. But, whatever the South may lack, she has never yet turned her back upon difficulties nor failed in the

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power of sacrifice for her ideal of duty. As much as in us is, we are debtors to the whites and to the negroes also. Southern statesmanship and Southern Christianity have long since owned the debt, and by the grace of God they will yet pay it in full.

Nashville, Tenn.

Two Gentlemen of Kentucky[1]

By James Lane Allen

We reprint this story by Mr. James Lane Allen, not so much for its charm as a piece of fiction, in which the best qualities of realism and of imaginative writing are skillfully combined, as because it is one of the most illuminative contributions to the literature of the Race Question that has been made in recent years. We believe it will give the Northern reader some insight into the gracious and friendly personality and spirit which are characteristic of a fine type of the Southern white man. We think it will also remind the Southern reader that the black man possesses traits of character—unselfishness, loyalty, personal affection, and refined feeling—which endeared him to the white master and mistress of a generation ago. These traits The Outlook confidently believes may be so encouraged and developed that the white and black races in this country shall find a common basis of agreement—a basis whereon they can live in peace and friendship, each respecting the public rights of the other without intruding upon the other's private rights. The story is reprinted by the special permission of the author and of the Macmillan Company, who issue it in the volume entitled "Flute and Violin."—The Editors.

"The woods are hushed, their music is no more;
The leaf is dead, the yearning passed away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day."

THE WOODS ARE HUSHED

IT was near the middle of the afternoon of an autumnal day, on the wide, grassy plateau of Central Kentucky.

The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downward through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely, unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops, and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake on an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of somber-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burned it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and the flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat.

The horse, old and patient and gentle, stood with low-stretched neck and closed eyes half asleep in the faint glow of the waning heat; and the rider, the sole human presence in all the field, sat looking across the silent autumnal landscape, sunk in reverie. Both horse and rider seemed but harmonious elements in the panorama of still life, and completed the picture of a closing scene.

To the man it was a closing scene. From the rank, fallow field through which he had been riding he was now surveying, for the last time, the many features of a landscape that had been familiar to him from the beginning of memory. In the afternoon and the autumn of his age he was about to rend the last ties that bound him to his former life, and, like one who

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had survived his own destiny, turn his face towards a future that was void of everything he held significant or dear.

The Civil War had only the year before reached its ever-memorable close. From where he sat there was not a home in sight, as there was not one beyond the reach of his vision, but had felt its influence. Some of his neighbors had come home from its camps and prisons, aged or altered as though by half a lifetime of years. The bones of some lay whitening on its battlefields. Families, reassembled around their hearthstones, spoke in low tones unceasingly of defeat and victory, heroism and death. Suspicion and distrust and estrangement prevailed. Former friends met each other on the turnpikes without speaking; brothers avoided each other in the streets of the neighboring town. The rich had grown poor; the poor had become rich. Many of the latter were preparing to move West. The negroes were drifting blindly hither and thither, deserting the country and flocking to the towns. Even the once united church of his neighborhood was jarred by the unstrung and discordant spirit of the times. At affecting passages in the sermons men grew pale and set their teeth fiercely; women suddenly lowered their black veils and rocked to and fro in their pews; for it is always at the bar of Conscience and before the very altar of God that the human heart is most wrung by a sense of its losses and the memory of its wrongs. The war had divided the people of Kentucky as the false mother would have severed the child.

It had not left the old man unscathed. His younger brother had fallen early in the conflict, borne to the end of his brief warfare by his impetuous valor; his aged mother had sunk under the tidings of the death of her latest-born; his sister was estranged from him by his political differences with her husband; his old family servants, men and women, had left him, and grass and weeds had already grown over the door-steps of the shut, noiseless cabins. Nay, the whole vast social system of the old régime had fallen, and he was henceforth but a useless fragment of the ruins.

All at once his mind turned from the cracked and smoky mirror of the times and dwelt fondly upon the scenes of the past. The silent fields around him seemed again alive with the negroes, singing as they followed the plows down the corn-rows or swung the cradles through the bearded wheat. Again, in a frenzy of merriment, the strains of the old fiddles issued from crevices of cabin doors to the rhythmic beat of hands and feet that shook the rafters and the roof. Now he was sitting on his porch, and one little negro was blacking his shoes, another leading his saddle-horse to the stiles, a third bringing his hat, and a fourth handing him a glass of ice-cold sangaree; or now he lay under the locust-trees in his yard, falling asleep in the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon, while one waved over him a bough of pungent walnut leaves, until he lost consciousness and by and by awoke to find that they both had fallen asleep side by side on the grass and that the abandoned fly-brush lay full across his face.

From where he sat also were seen slopes on which picnics were danced under the broad shade of maples and elms in June by those whom death and war had scattered like the transitory leaves that once had sheltered them. In this direction lay the district school-house where on Friday evenings there were wont to be speeches and debates; in that, lay the blacksmith's shop where of old he and his neighbors had met on horseback of Saturday afternoons to hear the news, get the mails, discuss elections, and pitch quoits. In the valley beyond stood the church at which all had assembled on calm Sunday mornings like the members of one united family. Along with these scenes went many a chastened reminiscence of bridal and funeral and simpler events that had made up the annals of his country life.

The reader will have a clearer insight into the character and past career of Colonel Romulus Fields by remembering that he represented a fair type of that social order which had existed in rank perfection over the blue-grass plains of Kentucky during the final decades of the old régime. Perhaps of all agriculturists in the United States the inhabitants of that region had spent the most nearly idyllic life, on account of the beauty of the climate, the richness of the land, the spacious comfort of their homes, the efficiency of their negroes, and the characteristic con-

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tentedness of their dispositions. Thus nature and history combined to make them a peculiar class, a cross between the aristocratic and the bucolic, being as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind.

It was upon this luxurious social growth that the war naturally fell as a killing frost, and upon no single specimen with more blighting power than upon Colonel Fields. For destiny had quarried and chiseled him to serve as an ornament in the barbaric temple of human bondage. There *were* ornaments in that temple, and he was one. A slaveholder with Southern sympathies, a man educated not beyond the ideas of his generation, convinced that slavery was an evil, yet seeing no present way of removing it, he had of all things been a model master. As such he had gone on record in Kentucky, and no doubt in a Higher Court; and as such his efforts had been put forth to secure the passage of many of those milder laws for which his State was distinguished. Often, in those dark days, his face, anxious and sad, was to be seen amid the throng that surrounded the blocks on which slaves were sold at auction; and more than one poor wretch he had bought to save him from separation from his family or from being sold into the Southern plantations—afterwards riding far and near to find him a home on one of the neighboring farms.

But all those days were over. He had but to place the whole picture of the present beside the whole picture of the past to realize what the contrast meant for him.

At length he gathered the bridle reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward. As he rode slowly on, every spot gave up its memories. He dismounted when he came to the cattle and walked among them, stroking their soft flanks and feeling in the palm of his hand the rasp of their salt-loving tongues; on his sideboard at home was many a silver cup which told of premiums on cattle at the great fairs. It was in this very pond that as a boy he had learned to swim on a cherry rail. When he entered the woods, the sight of the walnut-trees and the hickory-nut trees, loaded on the topmost branches, gave him a sudden pang.

Beyond the woods he came upon the garden, which he had kept as his mother had left it—an old-fashioned garden with an arbor in the center, covered with Isabella grape-vines on one side and Catawba on the other; with walks branching thence in four directions, and along them beds of jump-up-johnnies, sweet-williams, daffodils, sweet peas, larkspur, and thyme, flags and the sensitive plant, celestial and maiden's-blush roses. He stopped and looked over the fence at the very spot where he had found his mother on the day when the news of the battle came.

She had been kneeling, trowel in hand, driving away vigorously at the loamy earth, and, as she saw him coming, had risen and turned towards him her face with the ancient pink bloom on her clear cheeks and the light of a pure, strong soul in her gentle eyes. Overcome by his emotions, he had blindly faltered out the words, "Mother, John was among the killed!" For a moment she had looked at him as though stunned by a blow. Then a violent flush had overspread her features, and then an ashen pallor; after which, with a sudden proud dilating of her form as though with joy, she had sunk down like the tenderest of her lily-stalks, cut from its root.

Beyond the garden he came to the empty cabin and the great wood-pile. At this hour it used to be a scene of hilarious activity—the little negroes sitting perched in chattering groups on the topmost logs or playing leap-frog in the dust, while some picked up baskets of chips or dragged a back-log into the cabins.

At last he drew near the wooden stiles and saw the large house of which he was the solitary occupant. What darkened rooms and noiseless halls! What beds, all ready, that nobody now came to sleep in, and cushioned old chairs that nobody rocked! The house and the contents of its attic, presses, and drawers could have told much of the history of Kentucky from almost its beginning; for its foundations had been laid by his father near the beginning of the century, and through its doors had passed a long train of forms, from the veterans of the Revolution to the soldiers of the Civil War. Old coats hung up in closets; old dresses folded away in

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drawers; saddle-bags and buckskin leggins; hunting-jackets, powder-horns, and militiamen hats; looms and knitting-needles; snuffboxes and reticules—what a treasure-house of the past it was! And now the only thing that had the springs of life within its bosom was the great, sweet-voiced clock, whose faithful face had kept unchanged amid all the swift pageantry of changes.

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said, very simply, "I am going to sell the place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

MUSIC NO MORE

On the disappearing form of the Colonel was fixed an ancient pair of eyes that looked out at him from behind a still more ancient pair of silver-rimmed spectacles with an expression of indescribable solicitude and love.

These eyes were set in the head of an old gentleman—for such he was—named Peter Cotton, who was the only one of the Colonel's former slaves that had remained inseparable from his person and his altered fortunes. In early manhood Peter had been a wood-chopper; but he had one day had his leg broken by the limb of a falling tree, and afterwards, out of consideration for his limp, had been made supervisor of the wood-pile, gardener, and a sort of nondescript servitor of his master's luxurious needs.

Nay, in larger and deeper characters must his history be writ, he having been, in days gone by, one of those ministers of the gospel whom conscientious Kentucky masters often urged to the exercise of spiritual functions in behalf of their benighted people. In course of preparation for this august work, Peter had learned to read and had come to possess a well-chosen library of three several volumes—"Webster's Spelling-Book," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the Bible. But even these unusual acquisitions he deemed not enough; for, being touched with a spark of poetic fire from heaven, and fired by the African's fondness for all that is conspicuous in dress, he had conceived for himself the creation of a unique garment which should symbolize in perfection the claims and consolations of his apostolic office. This was nothing less than a sacred blue-jeans coat that he had had his old mistress make him, with very long and spacious tails, whereon, at his further direction, she embroidered sundry texts of Scripture which it pleased him to regard as the fit visible annunciations of his holy calling. And inasmuch as his mistress, who had had the coat woven on her own looms from the wool of her finest sheep, was, like other gentlewomen of her time, rarely skilled in the accomplishments of the needle, and was moreover in full sympathy with the piety of his intent, she wrought of these passages a border enriched with such intricate curves, marvelous flourishes, and harmonious letterings, that Solomon never reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. For, after much prayer that the Almighty wisdom would aid his reason in the difficult task of selecting the most appropriate texts, Peter had chosen seven—one for each day in the week—with such tact, and no doubt heavenly guidance, that when braided together they did truly constitute an eloquent epitome of Christian duty, hope, and pleading.

From first to last they were as follows: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;" "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;" "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;" "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity;" "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep;" "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." This concatenation of texts Peter wished to have duly solemnized, and therefore, when the work was finished, he further requested his mistress to close the entire chain with the word "Amen," introduced in some suitable place.

But the only spot now left vacant was one of a few square inches, located just where the coat-tails hung over the end of Peter's spine; so that when any one stood full in Peter's rear, he could but marvel at

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the sight of so solemn a word emblazoned in so unusual a locality.

Panoplied in this robe of righteousness, and with a worn leathern Bible in his hand, Peter used to go around of Sundays, and during the week, by night, preaching from cabin to cabin the gospel of his heavenly Master.

The angriest lightnings of the sultriest skies often played amid the darkness upon those sacred coat-tails and around that girdle of everlasting texts, as though the evil spirits of the air would fain have burned them and scattered their ashes on the roaring winds. The slow-sifting snows of winter whitened them as though to chill their spiritual fires; but winter and summer, year after year, in weariness of body, often in sore distress of mind, for miles along this lonely road and for miles across that rugged way, Peter trudged on and on, withal perhaps as meek a spirit as ever grew footsore in the paths of its Master. Many a poor overburdened slave took fresh heart and strength from the sight of that celestial raiment; many a stubborn, rebellious spirit, whose flesh but lately quivered under the lash, was brought low by its humble teaching; many a worn-out old frame, racked with pain in its last illness, pressed a fevered lip to its hopeful hem; and many a dying eye closed in death peacefully fixed on its immortal pledges.

When Peter started abroad, if a storm threatened, he carried an old cotton umbrella of immense size; and as the storm burst, he gathered the tails of his coat carefully up under his armpits that they might be kept dry. Or if caught by a tempest without his umbrella, he would take his coat off and roll it up inside out, leaving his body exposed to the fury of the elements. No care, however, could keep it from growing old and worn and faded; and when the slaves were set free and he was called upon by the interposition of Providence to lay it finally aside, it was covered by many a patch and stain as proofs of its devoted usage.

One after another the Colonel's old servants, gathering their children about them, had left him, to begin their new life. He bade them all a kind good-by, and into the palm of each silently pressed some gift that he knew would soon be needed. But no inducement could make Peter or Phillis, his wife, budge from their cabin. "Go, Peter! Go, Phillis!" the Colonel had said time and again. "No one is happier that you are free than I am; and you can call on me for what you need to set you up in business." But Peter and Phillis asked to stay with him. Then suddenly, several months before the time at which this sketch opens, Phillis had died, leaving the Colonel and Peter as the only relics of that populous life which had once filled the house and the cabins. The Colonel had succeeded in hiring a woman to do Phillis's work; but her presence was a strange note of discord in the old domestic harmony, and only saddened the recollections of its vanished peace.

Peter had a short, stout figure, dark-brown skin, smooth-shaven face, eyes round, deep-set, and wide apart, and a short, stub nose which dipped suddenly into his head, making it easy for him to wear the silver-rimmed spectacles left him by his old mistress. A peculiar conformation of the muscles between the eyes and the nose gave him the quizzical expression of one who is about to sneeze, and this was heightened by a twinkle in the eyes which seemed caught from the shining of an inner sun upon his tranquil heart.

Sometimes, however, his face grew sad enough. It was sad on this afternoon while he watched the Colonel walk slowly up the pavement, well overgrown with weeds, and enter the house, which the setting sun touched with the last radiance of the finished day.

NEW LIFE

About two years after the close of the war, therefore, the Colonel and Peter were to be found in Lexington, ready to turn over a new leaf in the volumes of their lives, which already had an old-fashioned binding, a somewhat musty odor, and but few unwritten leaves remaining.

After a long, dry summer you may have seen two gnarled old apple-trees, that stood with interlocked arms on the western slope of some quiet hillside, make a melancholy show of blooming out again in the autumn of the year and dallying with the idle buds that mock their sapless branches. Much the same was the belated, fruitless efflorescence of the Colonel and Peter.

The Colonel had no business habits, no political ambition, no wish to grow richer.

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He was too old for society, and without near family ties. For some time he wandered through the streets like one lost—sick with yearning for the fields and woods, for his cattle, for familiar faces. He haunted Cheapside and the court-house square, where the farmers always assembled when they came to town, and if his eye lighted on one, he would buttonhole him on the street-corner and lead him into a grocery and sit down for a quiet chat. Sometimes he would meet an aimless melancholy wanderer like himself, and the two would go off and discuss over and over again their departed days; and several times he came unexpectedly upon some of his old servants who had fallen into bitter want, and who more than repaid him for the help he gave by contrasting the hardships of a life of freedom with the ease of their shackled years.

In the course of time, he could but observe that human life in the town was reshaping itself slowly and painfully, but with resolute energy. The colossal structure of slavery had fallen, scattering its ruins far and wide over the State; but out of the very débris was being taken the material to lay the deeper foundations of the new social edifice. Men and women as old as he were beginning life over and trying to fit themselves for it by changing the whole attitude and habit of their minds—by taking on a new heart and spirit. But when a great building falls, there is always some rubbish, and the Colonel and others like him were part of this. Henceforth they possessed only an antiquarian sort of interest, like the stamped bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nevertheless he made a show of doing something, and in a year or two opened on Cheapside a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. He knew more about the latter than anything else, and, furthermore, he secretly felt that a business of this kind would enable him to establish in town a kind of headquarters for the farmers. His account-books were to be kept on a system of twelve months' credit; and he resolved that if one of his customers couldn't pay then, it would make no difference.

Business began slowly. The farmers dropped in and found a good lounging-place. On county-court days, which were great market-days for the sale of sheep, horses, mules, and cattle in front of the Colonel's door, they swarmed in from the hot sun and sat around on the counter and the plows and machines till the entrance was blocked to other customers.

When a customer did come in, the Colonel, who was probably talking with some old acquaintance, would tell him just to look around and pick out what he wanted and the price would be all right. If one of those acquaintances asked for a pound of nails, the Colonel would scoop up some ten pounds and say: "I reckon that's about a pound, Tom." He had never seen a pound of nails in his life; and if one had been weighed on his scales, he would have said the scales were wrong.

He had no great idea of commercial despatch. One morning a lady came in for some carpet-tacks, an article that he had forgotten to lay in. But he at once sent off an order for enough to have tacked a carpet pretty well all over Kentucky; and when they came, two weeks later, he told Peter to take her up a dozen papers with his compliments. He had laid in, however, an ample and especially fine assortment of pocket-knives, for that instrument had always been to him one of gracious and very winning qualities. Then when a friend dropped in he would say, "General, don't you need a new pocket-knife?" and, taking out one, would open all the blades and commend the metal and the handle. The "General" would inquire the price, and the Colonel, having shut the blades, would hand it to him, saying in a careless, fond way, "I reckon I won't charge you anything for that." His mind could not come down to the low level of such ignoble barter, and he gave away the whole case of knives.

These were the pleasanter aspects of his business life, which did not lack as well its tedium and crosses. Thus there were many dark, stormy days when no one he cared to see came in; and he then became rather a pathetic figure, wandering absently around amid the symbols of his past activity, and stroking the plows, like dumb companions. Or he would stand at the door and look across at the old court-house, where he had seen many a slave sold and had listened to the great Kentucky orators.

But what hurt him most was the talk of the new farming and the abuse of the old

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which he was forced to hear; and he generally refused to handle the improved implements and mechanical devices by which labor and waste were to be saved.

Altogether he grew tired of "the thing," and sold out at the end of the year with a loss of over a thousand dollars, though he insisted he had done a good business.

As he was then seen much on the streets again, and several times heard to make remarks in regard to the sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, when they happened to be in bad condition, the "Daily Press" one morning published a card stating that if Colonel Romulus Fields would consent to make the race for mayor he would receive the support of many Democrats, adding a tribute to his virtues and his influential past. It touched the Colonel, and he walked downtown with a rather commanding figure the next morning. But it pained him to see how many of his acquaintances returned his salutations very coldly; and just as he was passing the Northern Bank he met the young opposition candidate—a little red-haired fellow, walking between two ladies, with a rosebud in his buttonhole—who refused to speak at all, but made the ladies laugh by some remark he uttered as the Colonel passed. The card had been inserted humorously, but he took it seriously; and when his friends found this out, they rallied round him. The day of election drew near. They told him he must buy votes. He said he wouldn't buy a vote to be mayor of the New Jerusalem. They told him he must "mix" and "treat." He refused. Foreseeing he had no chance, they besought him to withdraw. He said he would not. They told him he wouldn't poll twenty votes. He replied that *one* would satisfy him, provided it was neither begged nor bought. When his defeat was announced, he accepted it as another evidence that he had no part in the present—no chance of redeeming his idleness.

A sense of this weighed heavily on him at times; but it is not likely that he realized how pitifully he was undergoing a moral shrinkage in consequence of mere disuse. Actually, extinction had set in with him long prior to dissolution, and he was dead years before his heart ceased beating. The very basic virtues on which had rested his once spacious and stately character were now but the moldy cornerstones of a crumbling ruin.

It was a subtle evidence of deterioration in manliness that he had taken to dress. When he had lived in the country, he had never dressed up unless he came to town. When he had moved to town, he thought he must remain dressed up all the time; and this fact first fixed his attention on a matter which afterwards began to be loved for its own sake. Usually he wore a Derby hat, a black diagonal coat, gray trousers, and a white necktie. But the article of attire in which he took chief pleasure was hose; and the better to show the gay colors of these, he wore low-cut shoes of the finest calfskin, turned up at the toes. Thus his feet kept pace with the present, however far his head may have lagged in the past; and it may be that this stream of fresh fashions, flowing perennially over his lower extremities like water about the roots of a tree, kept him from drying up altogether.

Peter always polished his shoes with too much blacking, perhaps thinking that the more the blacking the greater the proof of love. He wore his clothes about a season and a half—having several suits—and then passed them on to Peter, who, foreseeing the joy of such an inheritance, bought no new ones. In the act of transferring them the Colonel made no comment until he came to the hose, from which he seemed unable to part without a final tribute of esteem, as: "These are fine, Peter;" or, "Peter, these are nearly as good as new." Thus Peter, too, was dragged through the whims of fashion. To have seen the Colonel walking about his grounds and garden followed by Peter, just a year and a half behind in dress and a yard and a half behind in space, one might well have taken the rear figure for the Colonel's double, slightly the worse for wear, somewhat shrunken, and cast into a heavy shadow.

Time hung so heavily on his hands at night that, with a happy inspiration, he added a dress suit to his wardrobe, and accepted the first invitation to an evening party.

He grew excited as the hour approached, and dressed in a great fidget for fear he should be too late.

"How do I look, Peter?" he inquired at length, surprised at his own appearance.

"Splendid, Marse Rom," replied Peter,

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bringing in the shoes with more blacking on them than ever before.

"I think," said the Colonel, apologetically—"I think I'd look better if I'd put a little powder on. I don't know what makes me so red in the face."

But his heart began to sink before he reache l his hostess's, and he had a fearful sense of being the observed of all observers as he slipped through the hall and passed rapidly up to the gentlemen's room. He stayed there after the others had gone down, bewildered and lonely, dreading to go down himself. By and by the musicians struck up a waltz, and with a little cracked laugh at his own performance he cut a few shines of an unremembered pattern; but his ankles snapped audibly, and he suddenly stopped with the thought of what Peter would say if he should catch him at these antics. Then he boldly went downstairs.

He had touched the new human life around him at various points; as he now stretched out his arms towards its society, for the first time he completely realized how far removed it was from him. Here he saw a younger generation—the flowers of the new social order—sprung from the very soil of fraternal battlefields, but blooming together as the emblems of oblivious peace. He saw fathers, who had fought madly on opposite sides, talking quietly in corners as they watched their children dancing, or heard them toasting their old generals and their campaigns over their champagne in the supper-room. He was glad of it; but it made him feel at the same time that, instead of treading the velvety floors, he ought to step up and take his place among the canvases of old-time portraits that looked down from the walls.

The dancing he had done had been not under the blinding glare of gaslight, but by the glimmer of tallow-dips and star-candles and the ruddy glow of cavernous firesides—not to the accompaniment of an orchestra of wind-instruments and strings, but to a chorus of girls' sweet voices, as they trod simpler measures, or to the maddening sway of a gray-haired negro fiddler standing on a chair in the chimney corner. Still, it is significant to note that his saddest thought, long after leaving, was that his shirt bosom had not lain down smooth, but stuck out like a huge cracked eggshell; and that when, in imitation of the others, he had laid his white silk handkerchief across his bosom inside his vest, it had slipped out during the evening, and had been found by him, on confronting a mirror, flapping over his stomach like a little white masonic apron.

"Did you have a nice time, Marse Rom?" inquired Peter, as they drove home through the darkness.

"Splendid time, Peter, splendid time," replied the Colonel, nervously.

"Did you dance any, Marse Rom?"

"I didn't *dance*. Oh, I *could* have danced if I'd *wanted* to; but I didn't."

Peter helped the Colonel out of the carriage with pitying gentleness when they reached home. It was the first and only party.

Peter also had been finding out that his occupation was gone.

Soon after moving to town, he had tendered his pastoral services to one of the fashionable churches of the city—not because it was fashionable, but because it was made up of his brethren. In reply he was invited to preach a trial sermon, which he did with gracious unction.

It was a strange scene, as one calm Sunday morning he stood on the edge of the pulpit, dressed in a suit of the Colonel's old clothes, with one hand in his trousers pocket, and his lame leg set a little forward at an angle familiar to those who know the statues of Henry Clay.

How self-possessed he seemed, yet with what a rush of memories did he pass his eyes slowly over that vast assemblage of his emancipated people! With what feelings must he have contrasted those silk hats, and walking-canes, and broadcloths, those gloves and satins, laces and feathers, jewelry and fans—that whole many-colored panorama of life—with the weary, sad, and sullen audiences that had often heard him of old under the forest trees or by the banks of some turbulent stream!

In a voice husky, but heard beyond the flirtation of the uttermost pew, he took his text. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." From this he tried to preach a new sermon, suited to the newer day. But several times the thoughts of the past were too much for him, and he broke down with emotion.

The next day a grave committee waited

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on him and reported that the sense of the congregation was to call a colored gentleman from Louisville. Private objections to Peter were that he had a broken leg, wore Colonel Fields's second-hand clothes, which were too big for him, preached in the old-fashioned way, and lacked self-control and repose of manner.

Peter accepted his rebuff as sweetly as Socrates might have done. Humming the burden of an old hymn, he took his righteous coat from a nail in the wall and folded it away in a little brass-nailed deerskin trunk, laying over it the spelling-book and the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he had ceased to read. Thenceforth his relations to his people were never intimate, and even from the other servants of the Colonel's household he stood apart. But the Colonel took Peter's rejection greatly to heart, and the next morning gave him the new silk socks he had worn at the party. In paying his servants the Colonel would sometimes say, "Peter, I reckon I'd better begin to pay you a salary; that's the style now." But Peter would turn off, saying he didn't "have no use fur no salary."

Thus both of them dropped more and more out of life, but as they did so drew more and more closely to each other. The Colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild-grape vines, the Virginia creeper, and the climbing oak swung their long festoons from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican-vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the Colonel's bedroom slept an ancient, broken sun-dial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedgerows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs half a century old, and aged, crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the Colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries.

There was, perhaps, a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the Colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to furnish the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The Colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out.

But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing eyes the Colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave, and the old slave without a master, still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions.

The sun of their day had indeed long since set, but, like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the Colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the center of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether any one noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton, and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Mor-

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rison Chapel, where he always gave his bouquet to the valedictorian. It was the speech of that young gentleman that always touched him, consisting as it did of farewells.

In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the amphitheater at the fair, a little blue around the nose, and looking absently over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music-stand. Once he had strutted around as a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one even thought of offering him the privileges of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turned into a horse show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yokefellow. For just as two old oxen—one white and one black—that have long toiled under the same yoke will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the Colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

NEW LOVE

In their eventless life the slightest incident acquired the importance of a history. Thus, one day in June, Peter discovered a young couple love-making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the Colonel.

Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear god's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of his hiding-place. The Colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but Peter reasoned stoutly that if the pair were driven out they would simply go to some other retreat; and, without getting the approval of his conscience to this view, the Colonel contented himself with merely repeating that they ought to go straight and tell the girl's parents. Those parents lived just across the street outside his grounds. The young lady he knew very well himself, having a few years before given her the privilege of making herself at home among his flowers. It certainly looked hard to drive her out now, just when she was making the best possible use of his kindness and her opportunity. Moreover, Peter walked down street and ascertained that the young fellow was an energetic farmer living a few miles from town, and son of one of the Colonel's former friends; on both of which accounts the latter's heart went out to him. So when, a few days later, the Colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady, perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the Colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already—*asked* her?"

"Some's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some's mighty slow," replied Peter, neutrally. "En some," he added, exhaustively, "don't use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by *somebody*," remarked the Colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!" exclaimed Peter, with a certain air of triumph.

"Did Phillis ask *you*, Peter?" inquired the Colonel, blushing and confidential.

"No, no, Marse Rom! I couldn't er stood dat from no 'oman!" replied Peter, laughing and shaking his head.

The Colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below, leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap o' times befo'; but I ain' jes' nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes' mek my sermon to-night kiner lead up to whut I gwine tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de *lef'* tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is charity;' 'caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an' glorifyin' charity en identifyin' charity wid love, I couldn' he'p thinkin' 'bout what I gwine say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I

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feel, de better I *preach*, so hit boun' to mek my *heahehs* feel better likewise—Phillis 'mong um. So Phillis she jes' sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes' knowed de time wuz come. By en by, I hadn' mo' 'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' roun' to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green, who been settin' 'longside o' Phillis en tekin' ev'y las' thing I said to *her*se'f. En she tuk hole o' my han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En 'fo' I knowed it, I jes' see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mou'nful when I walk home by myse'f *dat* night," added Peter, laughing to himself, "en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell atter me en Phillis wuz married.

"Hit wuz long time," he continued, "'fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout de nex' fall we had big meetin', en heap mo' um j'ined. But Phillis, she ain't nuver j'ined yit. I preached mighty nigh all roun' my coat-tails, till I say to myse'f, D' ain't but one tex' lef', en I jes' got to fetch 'er wid dat! De tex' wuz on de *right* tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentous sermon, en all 'long I jes' see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I say, 'She *g t* to come *dis* night, de Lohd he'pin' me.' En I hadn' mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes' walked down en guv me 'er han'.

"Den we had de baptizin' in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de curren' tol'ble swif'. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred uv um on de creek side. By en by I stood on de edge o' de watter, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en 'er j'ined han's en waded out in the creek, mighty slow, 'caze Phillis didn' have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' bobbin' on top de watter till I pushed it down. But by en by we got 'way out in de creek, en bof uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you un'er de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f stiff, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I hadn't mo' 'n jes' got 'er laid back over de watter ready to souze 'er un'er when 'er feet flew up off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole; en 'fo' I knowed it, we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey was singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused-like. En Phillis she swallowed some watter, en all 't oncet she jes' grap me right tight roun' de neck, en say mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

"En by en by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?'

"'I ain't out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

"'When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' says I, ve'y humble.

"'When I git dese soakin' clo'es off'n my back,' says she.

"Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o' Phillis's cabin en put my eye down to de keyhole, en see Phillis jes' settin' 'fo' dem blazin' walnut logs dressed up in 'er new red linsey dress, en 'er eyes shinin'. En I shuk so I 'mos' faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin' tone, says I:

"'Is you out'n de watter yit, Phillis?'

"'I got on dry dress,' says she.

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?' says I.

"'De latch-string on de outside de dooh,' says she, mighty sof'.

"En I walked in."

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended he stood a few minutes, scraping the gravel with the toe of his boot, his head dropped forward. Then he added, huskily:

"Phillis been dead heap o' years now;" and turned away.

This recalling of the scenes of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the Colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit a while in silent musing. Then, getting up, he walked in the falling twilight across the yard and through the gardens until he came to a secluded spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped or rather knelt down and passed his hands, as though with mute benediction, over a

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little bed of old-fashioned China pinks. When he had moved in from the country he had brought nothing away from his mother's garden but these, and in all the years since no one had ever pulled them, as Peter well knew; for one day the Colonel had said, with his face turned away:

"Let them have all the flowers they want; but leave the pinks."

He continued kneeling over them now, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of voiceless communion with his past. Still it may have been only the early dew of the evening that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving the pale moonbeams to haunt the spot.

Certainly after this day he showed increasing concern in the young lovers who were holding clandestine meetings in his grounds.

"Peter," he would say, "why, if they love each other, don't they get married? Something may happen."

"I been 'spectin' some'n to happ'n fur some time, ez dey been quar'lin' right smart lately," replied Peter, laughing.

Whether or not he was justified in this prediction, before the end of another week the Colonel read a notice of their elopement and marriage; and several days later he came up from downtown and told Peter that everything had been forgiven the young pair, who had gone to housekeeping in the country. It gave him pleasure to think he had helped to perpetuate the race of blue-grass farmers.

THE YEARNING PASSED AWAY

It was in the twilight of a late autumn day in the same year that nature gave the Colonel the first direct intimation to prepare for the last summons. They had been passing along the garden walks, where a few pale flowers were trying to flourish up to the very winter's edge, and where the dry leaves had gathered unswept and rustled beneath their feet. All at once the Colonel turned to Peter, who was a yard and a half behind, as usual, and said:

"Give me your arm, Peter; I feel tired;" and thus the two, for the first time in all their lifetime walking abreast, passed slowly on.

"Peter," said the Colonel, gravely, a minute or two later, "we are like two dried-up stalks of fodder. I wonder the Lord lets us live any longer."

"I reck'n He's managin' to use us *some* way, or we wouldn' be heah," said Peter.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if He's using me, He can't be in much of a hurry for his work," replied the Colonel.

"He uses snails, en I *know* we ain' ez slow ez *dem*," argued Peter, composedly.

"I don't know. I think a snail must have made more progress since the war than I have."

The idea of his uselessness seemed to weigh on him, for a little later he remarked, with a sort of mortified smile:

"Do you think, Peter, that we would pass for what they call representative men of the New South?"

"We done *had* ou' day, Marse Rom," replied Peter. "We got to pass fur what we *wuz*. Mebbe de *Lohd's* got mo' use fur us yit 'n *people* has," he added, after a pause.

From this time on the Colonel's strength gradually failed him; but it was not until the following spring that the end came.

A night or two before his death his mind wandered backward, after the familiar manner of the dying, and his delirious dreams showed the shifting, faded pictures that renewed themselves for the last time on his wasting memory. It must have been that he was once more amid the scenes of his active farm life, for his broken snatches of talk ran thus:

"Come, boys, get your cradles! Look where the sun is! You are late getting to work this morning. That is the finest field of wheat in the county. Be careful about the bundles! Make them the same size and tie them tight. That swath is too wide, and you don't hold your cradle right, Tom. . . .

"Sell *Peter! Sell Peter Cott n!* No, sir! You might buy *me* some day and work *me* in your cotton-field; but as long as he's mine, you can't buy Peter, and you can't buy any of *my* negroes. . . .

"Boys! boys! If you don't work faster you won't finish this field to-day. . . . You'd better go in the shade and rest now. The sun's very hot. Don't drink too much ice-water. There's a jug of whisky in the fence-corner. Give them a

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good dram around, and tell them to work slow till the sun gets lower. . . ."

Once during the night a sweet smile played over his features as he repeated a few words that were part of an old rustic song and dance. Arranged, not as they came broken and incoherent from his lips, but as he once had sung them, they were as follows:

"O Sister Phœbe! How merry were we
When we sat under the juniper-tree,
The juniper-tree, heigho!
Put this hat on your head! Keep your head warm;
Take a sweet kiss! It will do you no harm,
Do you no harm, I know!"

After this he sank into a quieter sleep, but soon stirred with a look of intense pain.

"Helen! Helen!" he murmured. "Will you break your promise? Have you changed in your feelings towards me? I have brought you the pinks. Won't you take the pinks, Helen?"

Then he sighed as he added, "It wasn't her fault. If she had only known—"

Who was the Helen of that far-away time? Was this the Colonel's love story?

But during all the night, whithersoever his mind wandered, at intervals it returned to the burden of a single strain—the harvesting. Towards daybreak he took it up again for the last time:

"O boys, boys, *boys!* If you don't work faster you won't finish the field to-day. Look how low the sun is! . . . I am going to the house. They can't finish the field to-day. Let them do what they can, but don't let them work late. I want Peter to go to the house with me. Tell him to come on. . . ."

In the faint gray of the morning, Peter, who had been watching by the bedside all night, stole out of the room, and, going into the garden, pulled a handful of pinks—a thing he had never done before—and, re-entering the Colonel's bedroom, put them in a vase near his sleeping face. Soon afterwards the Colonel opened his eyes and looked around him. At the foot of the bed stood Peter, and on one side sat the physician and a friend. The night-lamp burned low, and through the folds of the curtains came the white light of early day.

"Put out the lamp and open the curtains," he said, feebly. "It's day." When they had drawn the curtains aside, his eyes fell on the pinks, sweet and fresh, with the dew on them. He stretched out his hand and touched them caressingly, and his eyes sought Peter's with a look of grateful understanding.

"I want to be alone with Peter for a while," he said, turning his face towards the others.

When they were left alone, it was some minutes before anything was said. Peter, not knowing what he did, but knowing what was coming, had gone to the window and hid himself behind the curtains, drawing them tightly around his form as though to shroud himself from sorrow.

At length the Colonel said, "Come here!"

Peter, almost staggering forward, fell at the foot of the bed, and, clasping the Colonel's feet with one arm, pressed his cheek against them.

"Come closer!"

Peter crept on his knees and buried his head on the Colonel's thigh.

"Come up here—*closer;*" and, putting one arm around Peter's neck, he laid the other hand softly on his head, and looked long and tenderly into his eyes. "I've got to leave you, Peter. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Oh, Marse Rom!" cried Peter, hiding his face, his whole form shaken by sobs.

"Peter," added the Colonel, with ineffable gentleness, "if I had served my Master as faithfully as you have served yours, I should not feel ashamed to stand in his presence."

"If my Marseter is ez mussiful to me ez you have been—"

"I have fixed things so that you will be comfortable after I am gone. When your time comes, I should like you to be laid close to me. We can take the long sleep together. Are you willing?"

"That's whar I want to be laid."

The Colonel stretched out his hand to the vase, and, taking the bunch of pinks, said, very calmly:

"Leave these in my hand; I'll carry them with me." A moment more, and he added:

"If I shouldn't wake up any more, good-by, Peter!"

"Good-by, Marse Rom!"

And they shook hands a long time. After this the Colonel lay back on the pillows. His soft, silvery hair contrasted

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strongly with his childlike, unspoiled, open face. To the day of his death, as is apt to be true of those who have lived pure lives but never married, he had a boyish strain in him—a softness of nature, showing itself even now in the gentle expression of his mouth. His brown eyes had in them the same boyish look when, just as he was falling asleep, he scarcely opened them to say:

"Pray, Peter."

Peter, on his knees, and looking across the Colonel's face towards the open door through which the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon his hoary head, prayed, while the Colonel fell asleep, adding a few words for himself now left alone.

Several hours later, memory led the Colonel back again through the dim gateway of the past, and out of that gateway his spirit finally took flight into the future.

Peter lingered a year. The place went to the Colonel's sister, but he was allowed to remain in his quarters. With much thinking of the past, his mind fell into a lightness and a weakness. Sometimes he would be heard crooning the burden of old hymns, or sometimes seen sitting beside the old brass-nailed trunk, fumbling with the spelling-book and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Often, too, he walked out to the cemetery on the edge of the town, and each time could hardly find the Colonel's grave amid the multitude of the dead.

One gusty day in spring, the Scotch sexton, busy with the blades of blue-grass springing from the animated mold, saw his familiar figure standing motionless beside the Colonel's resting-place. He had taken off his hat—one of the Colonel's last bequests—and laid it on the Colonel's head-stone. On his body he wore a strange coat of faded blue, patched and weather-stained, and so moth-eaten that parts of the curious tails had dropped entirely away. In one hand he held an open Bible, and on a much-soiled page he was pointing with his finger to the following words:

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep."

It would seem that, impelled by love and faith, and guided by his wandering reason, he had come forth to preach his last sermon on the immortality of the soul over the dust of his dead master.

The sexton led him home, and soon afterwards a friend, who had loved them both, laid him beside the Colonel.

It was perhaps fitting that his winding-sheet should be the vestment in which, years agone, he had preached to his fellow-slaves in bondage; for if it so be that the dead of this planet shall come forth from their graves clad in the trappings of mortality, then Peter should arise on the Resurrection Day wearing his old jeans coat.

The Spring Will Bring Another Flower

By Martha Day Fenner

The Spring will bring another flower,
  Yea, one of richer hue.
Dame Nature knows no meager dower,
  When Spring would wed with you.
The garden of your last-year love
  Is killed by drought and waste;
Remorse has set a blight above
  The gate, then fled in haste.

The flower of richer hue will bloom,
  Yea, flaunt its color rare,
A crimson blotch upon the gloom
  That ever lingers there.
Your last-year love will look and grieve
  To see the flower apart,
Then turn with silent tread and leave
  The garden of your heart.

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Child Labor in Factories

By Lillian W. Betts

FOR years there has been some agitation of the child labor problem in New York. Advance has been made, but the laws governing child labor in this State do not protect the children, nor do they protect the State. They have proved a sedative to the public conscience. The importance of New York as a manufacturing center, where law, order, philanthropy, altruism, and charity are factors in securing the highest degree of civilization, is admitted.

Briefly: the law of the State says that no child under fourteen shall be employed in any factory in the State. No child shall be employed between the ages of fourteen and sixteen without a certificate executed by a health officer. The certificate must be filed by the employer, who must keep a record also of the child and the date when employed. To secure this certificate the parent, or one standing in that relation, must file with the officer issuing the certificate an affidavit showing the date and place of birth of the child. That affidavit stands above any record as to age. An option is provided: if, in the judgment of the department or officer issuing the certificate, the child is physically unfit for the work required, the certificate may be withheld. Examination of hundreds of certificates granted to children of fourteen would indicate that this option had not been freely exercised. Work certificates for manufacturing have been granted giving the weight of the applicants, at fourteen and fourteen and a half years, as fifty-two pounds.

In addition to the affidavit as to age, a principal or teacher must furnish on demand to a child who has attended school or been instructed by such teacher, or to the factory inspector or his assistant, a certificate stating the school attendance of the child as not less than one year preceding the date of application and as having been in a building where reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography are taught.

An affidavit by the parent or guardian made before a notary public or executed by one, that the child is sixteen, puts the child wholly beyond the reach of the law. That is, the State accepts the affidavit of a parent, or one standing in that relation, as to the age of the child, as final. What the present laws governing child labor in New York have secured for the children and the State can best be illustrated by describing a manufacturing plant, the largest of its kind in the country, if not in the world, located within the limits of the city of New York.

Approaching the building from any point, it is impressive because of its simple massiveness. On one side is an open space with a canal, creek, or river. On three sides the streets separate it from lower and more or less undesirable tenement-house property. The windows, large and numerous, give an impression of light and air. The observer feels that if he had to work in a factory he would, on the whole, think that his lines had fallen in pleasant places if he worked here. The offices, on which no useless expenditures have been made, are many, all on the first floor. A small window with a man on guard, assisted by telephone, speaking tubes, bell, and all the labor-saving devices of an up-to-date office, is close to the street entrance. This window also controls the larger door through which the thousand employees enter and leave the building. The visitors were most courteously received by the superintendent, a man who impressed one at once by his physical and mental health, and also convinced at once, by his directness, of his supremacy in his own field. He bowed to no man there. In reply to the questions as to the children employed, he responded by saying, "Every child employed in this building is employed in strict conformity to the law. If there is anything wrong, it is up to the Labor Department and the Board of Health. There is not a child in this building whose work certificate we do not have on file, or the affidavit of the parents or guardians before a notary public. Back of that we do not go. This is a business, not a philanthropy."

We left the office, escorted by an employee, bearing an alphabetically arranged

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record of every child employed; that is, the name, number of work certificate or affidavit, when employed, and number on pay-roll. The building was very clean; sanitary arrangements far better than in many private houses; separate dressing-rooms for the employees on each floor, large, light, and airy; sometimes there were more than one on the floor.

A door was opened into a large room filled with whirring, deafening machinery. A great number of little boys were moving rapidly over the smooth floor, pushing brooms before them that gathered the waste from the machinery. They were called by a signal to the foreman's desk. At least half of them could not speak a word of English; not even enough to understand the question, "What is your name?" Sometimes the whole group would fail to understand English. A search was made until some one was found who could speak at least one of the many languages represented, and put the answers into English. Poles, Russians, Italians, Germans, Finns, were the principal nationalities represented by these children. Less than two per cent. were American-born. Few were able to write their names in the language they spoke.

Among the swarthy foreign children whose baby faces and diminutive, ill-nourished bodies were a positive contradiction to the sworn statements of the parents on file, stood out the refined head and face of an American boy, eleven or twelve apparently. There was a certain pathetic appeal in the boy's eyes that drew the visitor to him. He answered in a refined voice and with clear enunciation as to his name and age, responding to the questions, "How old are you," "Fourteen." "When were you born?" "October 23, 1893." The visitors were able to control any expression of surprise, but asked where he attended school and when he left. At the noon hour one of the visitors went to the school to verify the boy's statement. The moment the boy's name was mentioned, the head of the department, to whom the visitor had been sent, asked breathlessly, "What is he doing?" "Sweeping floors." The teacher's eyes filled with tears. "What a crime! A boy with such a mind! He has always attended this school. Every teacher he ever had loved him. You do not know how hard we tried to keep him in school. You could not tire that child's mind; it was as fresh at three o'clock as at nine. Yes, there is his school record. He will be ten years old next October (1903). I refused to sign the school certificate for a week. He never was ill; never missed a day from school; we hoped much for his future. His mother declared he was fourteen last October. Of course, under the law her word, not our school record, stood. The principal told me I had no right to withhold my signature as to school attendance. No argument would move the mother. I signed; I do not believe they could read the signature, I could not see. Cannot something be done for him?"

The visitor went back to the factory fifteen minutes before the whistle blew for the return to work. What a sight! Troops of children, boys and girls; young men and women; those just on the edge of manhood and womanhood; middle-aged; and old, bowed by the weight of years and work. Boys in short trousers, smoking, swearing, using vile language; coarse interchange of talk between the sexes. Girls not fully clothed, who, having eaten their lunches in the rooms, had gone out for a breath of air and sunshine, hatless and coatless. So far as interchange of jokes, conversation, a rough-and-tumble play, the sexes were equal. The expletives used in conversation were the same. The small boys were profane beyond description. Two men pushed through a group of young people in the door. As one passed through he used the most frightful oath the writer ever heard. Not a head turned as he disappeared violently gesticulating.

The superintendent listened sympathetically to the report as to the boy. "I know," continued the narrator, "that I ought to ask you to discharge that boy. I am going to ask you to keep him. But can you afford to have him sweeping floors?"

"He will not be another day," was the response in quietly sympathetic tones. "We need that boy in this office. Believe me, that boy will be watched, given every opportunity for business education, and he will not be overworked."

This boy's work certificate, issued under the authority of the law and in strict

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accordance with it, protects him from molestation until he has worked under its protection two years, when, that being his authoritative age record, he would be sixteen years of age, and free to work without it. If discharged, it must be returned to him, to use in securing work elsewhere. His mother had been labored with by women who loved the boy, and they failed to move her. The age record in school was not correct, she had sworn. The best protection for that boy was a man who could appreciate his mental ability; who needed the boy on the commercial side of the business he controlled. That man was secured; the child labor law does not cover office labor.

The investigation was resumed, and revealed hundreds of little girls and boys, so childish in appearance, in the expression of their faces, that it was possible only by the strongest self-control to conceal the evidence of the emotions their presence under such conditions aroused. The little girls were carrying spools, empty and filled, to the spindles. In one room dozens of them were in their bare feet running through water on the floor to the depth of about half an inch. The material at this point of manufacture had to be kept moist. Such tiny-looking things, with bodies that looked as if they might be crushed between one's hands! Nothing could be done. The every letter of the law was obeyed in employing them. There was not the slightest pretense on the part of any one in authority that he believed the certificate or affidavits under which these children were working represented the truth. The keynote was, "The law is obeyed to the very letter. We are no better than the law." As with the boys, only a very small percentage of the girls could answer in English; only a very small percentage could write their names even in the language they spoke. They were numbered on the pay-rolls; this they understood, and responded to their numbers. The service of an interpreter served to identify certificates, affidavits, and holders of them.

A walk through one room revealed a little girl, evidently an Italian, who had not appeared with the other children at the foreman's desk. She was perhaps three feet six in height, very slight, with a pathetic baby face. Her feet were bare; a dark cloth skirt, with belt folded over many times, was held about her waist by a safety-pin. The waist was made of a pair of football trousers. It was cut a little low at the neck, which was encircled by a string of coral beads. The shoulders were formed by the folding over of the material, which made a sleeve over the upper arm. The waist was sewed fast up the back with coarse black thread. It could only be removed by being ripped with scissors. This child had filed at the desk the notary public affidavit of her father that she was sixteen. No one believed, or pretended to believe, that she was sixteen, but the law says the parent's word or oath is the standard of age.

In this factory young men and women, seventeen, eighteen, twenty, who had lived in this country since they were four and five, were found who could neither understand nor speak English. Scores are working who came here when over sixteen, who, of course, do not speak English. These are the people who make the race "political boss," the greatest menace to our political body, municipal, State, or National.

At five o'clock we left that manufacturing establishment, which was "up-to-date" in construction and management, having seen the evils, injustice, and dangers of child labor fully protected by the present factory laws of the State of New York, in the most progressive, philanthropic, and greatest city in the United States of America.

Last February there was promoted from a primary to a grammar school on the East Side a Russian Jew boy who, according to the school record, was just thirteen at the time of promotion. It was conceded that the boy had the brightest mind in the school; he stood first in everything; he could, between three in the afternoon and nine the next morning, commit a long poem to memory, enjoy doing it, and recite it without an error. "I hated to promote him, he was such an incentive to the others," was the principal's comment when telling the boy's story. In April the father of the boy appeared with the blank from the Department of Health for her signature as to school attendance. The principal refused to sign it. The boy had passed from her jurisdiction two

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months before. "Well, he never went to that school; I wanted him to work."

"You will never put him to work with my assistance. The boy, according to the school record, is but thirteen years and two months old. You are not poor; you are well off. The boy has a brilliant mind, and should be given every possible opportunity to study; he loves it."

The man left after violently abusing the principal, a woman, for refusing to sign the certificate as to school attendance.

In September the father and boy returned. The father wished to enter the boy as a pupil. Let the principal tell her story. "I looked at them. The boy who had left me a rosy, rollicking, happy, brilliant school-boy, stood before me a cowed, broken boy, looking like a sneak. The father, who had been one of the handsomest of men, about thirty-five, I thought, was a gray-haired, broken man. 'What has happened?' I gasped. The father, in a tone vindictive and cruel, responded: 'He is a thief.' The boy shrank within his clothes. I put my arm across his shoulders; he shook it off. 'Yes,' repeated the father, 'a thief.' The boy secured work with a jeweler in April without a work certificate. In August he was arrested for stealing—evidently beginning to steal almost as soon as he was employed. The payment by the father of the full amount of the loss claimed by the employer saved the boy from prosecution, but not from imprisonment. He had spent two nights in jail. The father used all his ready money and mortgaged a tenement to save the boy, he claimed. Whether the shock of arrest and imprisonment, or the father's evident brutality, or both, are responsible, it was necessary last December, when the boy returned to school, to put him three grades below the grade from which he was promoted; he cannot keep up with the work of that grade." Sorrowfully the principal adds, "I think his mind is destroyed."

There has been formed within a comparatively recent period an industrial trust, or, to use the euphemism of one of the managers of one of the plants, "a combine," which individually employed large numbers of children, and has been in its corporate capacity a much larger employer of children. The effect of "the combine" has been to increase the size of the plants. The children do work that requires the least amount of mental or muscular power. It was impossible not to resent the thought of children spending one or two years at such employment; it was just a degree above idleness. In one of these plants a system of stealing metals had been evolved that revealed itself only through loss. Even detectives could not discover the system by which the metals were taken from this building. One day a small boy, evidently believing that he could escape undiscovered at the noon hour, was arrested for stealing, and confessed. He was paroled in the care of his father, who swore he was twelve years old. The boy had been working eleven months. His father claimed that the boy had a work certificate, though the claim meant that he could have been prosecuted for perjury and would have been if the certificate, or record of it, could have been found. The manager claimed that the boy had a work certificate when he was employed, but he returned it. There is a boy of twelve branded as a thief, with a police record, because of the present factory laws in the State of New York. Nor is this all. Four blocks from that factory is a dealer in old metals. He has been arrested four times for receiving stolen goods, and discharged each time because the law says that the person buying the stolen property must know it has been stolen at the time he buys it.

In one plant of this "combine" ten boys were found working without certificates, as were also four girls. The sanitary conditions were deplorably crude and indecent in their arrangement, especially those for the girls. There were no dressing-rooms, nor the slightest provision for the comfort of the people employed, numbering four hundred and seventy. "The combine" refused all responsibility for the employment of children without work certificates. The foremen hired the people working under them; if they disobeyed the law, they must accept the consequences. This rule was found in operation in each of the plants of this corporation. One boy who held a work certificate was so small and emaciated that he was questioned. An examination of the record of the school he last attended gave the boy's age as thirteen next March. The father swore he was fourteen last September. His affidavit secured the work certificate. A

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factory in which girls and women were employed in the ratio of about six to one man or boy was without dressing-rooms. Dress-skirts, waists, coats, and hats hung on the wall, and had to be removed in the open room. Not a seat was provided. At the noon hour the people who brought their lunches sat on the floor, or on the long baskets provided to receive the product from the machines. Passing between the rows of the machinery at the noon hour, a girl pulled the writer's dress, whispering, "For God's sake get us dressing-rooms and some place to eat." Over five hundred women and girls are employed in this factory. The product is trimming used in women's and children's clothing. Six children were employed without certificates. Scores held them under the protection of the law who should not have held them.

The following letter was received by the foreman of a factory who sent a boy home on the order of the factory inspector because the boy, working under severe physical strain, had no certificate. The letter was sent to the Department of Factory Inspection by the manager of the concern:

I have been with the boy to the office of the Board of Health, but the clerk would not give him any certificate unless he could read and write English, but he said if he had not been found out to be under age it would have been all right. You will have to hide him next time, and no one will be the wiser, or give him another name and say he is sixteen years old. Please do the best you can.

——

his father.

To show the trafficking in certificates, the following letter is given. It was sent to the Department of Factory Inspection by the employer:

Dear Sir: The child —— acknowledged to me that she changed her name in certificate. —— said she applied for certificate to Board of Health and was refused (although she claims she did attend school the entire year previous to applying). She was born 1888, and was fourteen years old May 5, attended school from seven years up. She obtained the certificate from —— the owner who said she could get another; gave $1 for it, as her mother—presumably the owner's mother—did; she lives at —— Street. The owner of the certificate at —— Street, and is now working on another certificate.

——

She was discharged.

The half has not been told. The remedy lies with the people who see in the operation of the present law the value of the protection it gives children from cruelty and injustice, and the value of the protection it gives the State from ignorance and political corruption due to greed and illiteracy.

New Books on Sociology[1]

THE winter season has added four noteworthy American contributions to the literature of sociology—two in the field of philanthropy and two in the field of social reform. Even the books in the field of philanthropy, however, have nothing to do with that form of philanthropy which now wrongfully monopolizes the once beautiful term of charity. The giving of material goods to feed and clothe the poor is distinctively the form of philanthropy which Mr. Lee excludes from consideration in his "Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy." He deals with the philanthropy which is as honorable to those who receive as to those who give; which, instead of diminishing the self-respect of the beneficiaries, increases it; which, instead of promoting their dependence on others, promotes their independence. Naturally, most of this philanthropy is essentially educational in its character, and covers the providing of opportunity for culture of every sort—the culture of the body in gymnasium and playgrounds, as well as the culture of mind in clubs, classes, and libraries. It does, however, cover provisions to aid the poor in time of need—they to make return as soon as able—and also institutions to encourage thrift and promote home ownership. It would appear that Boston has advanced further along these lines than any other American city, and some of the

[1] *Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy.* By Joseph Lee. With an Introduction by Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Americans in Process. Edited by Robert A. Woods. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
Our Benevolent Feudalism. By W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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experiments described—such as those of Mr. Robert Treat Paine in lending money to be repaid in installments, and building homes to be purchased by tenants as they pay their rent—are encouraging in the highest degree. But the limits of this review do not permit us to begin to particularize the generous social activities described in this volume. It is a remarkable record of American achievement along the line of helping men not to need help. The few scholastic pages can be easily skipped by the unscholastic reader. The body of the volume is full of human interest.

The second of the books in the field of philanthropy is the outcome of the social work done by the residents of the South End House of Boston. It is entitled "Americans in Process," and is practically a continuation of that quickening study, "The Social Wilderness," which Mr. Woods and his associates published four years ago. This book, while dealing with philanthropic work of the constructive and preventive type urged by Mr. Lee, also discusses social reform work of a type essentially political, and contains one or two brilliant chapters on politics pure and simple. It is Boston politics that is described—indeed, the whole book is almost narrowly Bostonian in its perspective—but the account of the resources and methods of the Boston ward bosses throws a penetrating light upon the problem of boss rule in every city in the country. Nothing so good has appeared since Miss Addams's chapter on aldermanic ways and means in Chicago. So true to life are the characterizations of the ward leaders in Boston that one or two of them have attempted to institute proceedings for libel—though they were unnamed. These proceedings simply intensified the public conviction that the shoes fitted the wearers. The narrative itself, however, carries its own corroboration. The book is a thoroughly calm, unexaggerated account of conditions among the poorer half, written from the standpoint of sympathy, and forcing home in unnumbered ways the essential unity of human life regardless of class lines.

The third of these noteworthy books, Mr. W. J. Ghent's social satire, "Our Benevolent Feudalism," deals, not with the efforts to better social conditions, but with the tendencies at work to make them worse. Mr. Ghent's half-mocking, half-serious thesis is that the lords of industry are re-establishing feudal relationships in our modern society, with a hierarchy of retainers and serfs as dependent upon them as were the subjects of mediæval lords. The introductory statistical chapters upon the concentration of wealth, and particularly the narrowing percentage of families owning their homes and farms, do not exaggerate the disturbing disclosures of the recent census. But as he proceeds with his task Mr. Ghent more and more gives evidence of selecting the facts which support his contention, while ignoring those which run counter to it. When, for example, he satirizes our educators as the indefatigable spokesmen of the moneyed interests, and satirizes the courts for serving as the defenders of these same interests by annulling or devitalizing laws enacted to restrain them, Mr. Ghent quotes the editor of The Outlook as a hostile critic of trades-unions, without intimating that he has defended unionism at more points than he has attacked it, and quotes a decision of a subordinate Federal court that only "unreasonable" restraints of trade can be constitutionally prohibited by law, ignoring the decision of the Supreme Court that Congress has constitutionally prohibited all contracts in restraint of trade, "whether reasonable or unreasonable." But while all this selection of evidence gives the book the effect of a shrewd attorney's plea, the evidence is none the less so artistically woven together that the reader follows it with admiration, though not with concurring judgment. Furthermore, the tendencies which Mr. Ghent represents as already victorious are unquestionably showing such power that Mr. Ghent's impressive summary of their manifestations may help in the work of arousing public resistance. Mr. Ghent himself doubtless believes that this resistance will be aroused, or else the gayety of his pessimism would be inconsistent with seriousness in the man. His point of view is unquestionably that of a socialist who believes that the temporary control of industry by a few simply paves the way for its permanent control by the whole body politic. While, therefore, his book is ostensibly the wail of an individualist over the destruction of the old

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order, it is in reality the chuckle of a socialist over the introduction of the new.

The last of the books before us, Mr. John Graham Brooks's "Social Unrest," has all the literary attractiveness of Mr. Ghent's, and has besides a depth of conviction, an earnestness of purpose, and a love of truth which make it one of the most convincing and converting books of recent years. Mr. Brooks has given the better part of his life to the study of the "social unrest" which is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the serious thought of our time, and in this book he has given to us the very quintessence of this better part of his life. His investigations have not merely or chiefly been made in libraries. These, too, he has made, and made thoroughly, but they serve merely as the background for the facts he has learned from men in high circles and low—the facts which are molding the thought of to-day, and had only begun to be observed in the books of a decade ago. Nowhere else, so far as we are aware, can the reader gain so quickly a comprehension of the ideas and aspirations of the struggling classes, for Mr. Brooks has studied their ideas and aspirations with a sympathy rare among the privileged classes, and has interpreted them to the reading public with a skill still more rare among the wage-earners. Certain parts of the faith of the working classes, such as the right to get back "their" jobs after a strike, have not yet been formulated into a creed by the working-class leaders themselves, but Mr. Brooks presents the instinctive thoughts and feelings of workingmen toward the loss of places they have held for years, so that the reader puts himself in their place and sees the situation as they see it. Only less valuable is the supplementary work done by Mr. Brooks in interpreting the thoughts and feelings of the captains of industry toward the current of events by which they are being swept along, and in which they often falsely appear to stand as guiders of the current. Mr. Brooks knows many men of this class personally and intimately, and the misgivings they express to him give evidence that in the class struggles ahead of us, as in those back of us, Anglo-Saxon society will not be divided sharply by class lines, because too many men of conscience and insight among the possessing will side with the struggling upon the definite reform measures which the great body of the latter are able to agree upon. Mr. Brooks rarely gives the names of the captains of industry whom he quotes either in approval or in criticism, for they would rarely wish to be quoted by name; but the volume contains an unusual amount of the "news too good to print," which those holding industrial power as well as political power possess in plenty, but for many reasons only give to the public in posthumous memoirs.

Mr. Brooks's social studies, while chiefly American, are by no means exclusively so. Two of the most brilliant chapters in his work relate to the changes which the Social Democratic parties of Europe have undergone as they have obtained political power and been compelled to give to their ideals practical efficiency. These changes have been most marked in Belgium, and we hope to give to our readers in the near future a portion of Mr. Brooks's account of what Socialism has taught and what it has learned in that country. Meanwhile we commend the book to all readers concerned with the deepest social problems of our times.

Song and Singer

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Like birds the poets come and go; but Song
Changeless abides, and shall forevermore,
As fresh to-day as when God sent the throng
Of singing stars from the celestial door.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Diplomacy in the Orient. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 498 pages. $3, net. (Postage extra.)

This painstaking and dignified account of our diplomatic history of a hundred years with Asiatic countries and with the Pacific Islands has peculiar weight from the fact that its author has enjoyed a more varied diplomatic career than that of any other recent American statesman. He has been Minister to Mexico, to Russia, to Spain; he has acted as a plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties with Germany, Spain, the British West Indies, San Domingo, and other countries; in succession to James G. Blaine he was Secretary of State; he visited China and Japan, having been invited by the Emperor of China to assist in the peace negotiations following the Chino-Japanese war; he was Special Ambassador to Great Britain and Russia for settlement of the Behring Sea seal question, and finally was appointed a member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission for the settlement of Canadian questions, in which capacity he is still acting. His present volume appropriately follows his "Century of American Diplomacy," which comprised a general review of the foreign relations of the United States from 1776 to 1876. Since the latter date great events have happened in Asia and in the Pacific. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed, and one of the Samoan; an American administration of the Philippine Islands has been begun, and the political relations between the United States and China have become much more intimate. Even without these events, however, the relations of the United States with the Pacific Islands and with Asiatic countries would have become closer because of the enormous development of our resources and the consequent increased necessity of foreign markets. The protection of our enlarged interests and the discharging of new political duties have come upon us during one and the same period. It is, therefore, with keen interest that the observer of events takes up this admirably told history of American diplomacy in the Orient, reads it with care, and judges for himself whether, after our record of a hundred years of honorable intercourse, this record is to be a safe guide for our future conduct. With the great majority of readers, we believe, there can be but one answer.

Assyrian and Babylonian Letters belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum. By Robert Francis Harper. Part VIII. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series, Vol. IV.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 142 pages.

This series, when completed, will be a noble memorial of American scholarship. The texts of the cuneiform tablets in the British Museum, with their transliterations, translations, and glossary, will fill some three dozen volumes. The present volume is occupied wholly with texts.

Background of Mystery (The). By Henry Ward Beecher. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 32 pages. 25c., net.

Barbizon Days: Millet—Corot—Rousseau—Barye. By Charles Sprague Smith. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 232 pages.

Mr. Charles Sprague Smith knows at first hand the country which he so charmingly describes in his book, a country which was the background of the work of Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and Barye. Millet and Rousseau can hardly be understood without some familiarity with the Forest of Fontainebleau, and although Corot drew his most characteristic landscapes elsewhere, his life was so intimately associated with the Forest and with the artists who painted it that he will always be classed as one of the Barbizon men. This volume contains, in effect, four biographies or studies of artists, their genius and their work, with constant reference to the Barbizon background. Mr. Smith writes in this volume, not for the technical student of art, but for the love of good painting, and especially for the great class who have come to find in the work of Millet, Corot, and Rousseau some of the most charming and satisfying examples of modern landscape. The volume is written in an easy, flowing style, with a tendency to picturesqueness and in a very appreciative mood; it is full of the atmosphere of Barbizon, and it is very interestingly and intelligently illustrated.

Black Hills Ballads. By Robert V. Carr. The Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. 5×8 in. 175 pages.

Books of Devotion. By the Rev. Charles Bodington. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages. $1.40, net. (10c. postage.)

A very ecclesiastical, decidedly Anglican, but not illiberal account of devotional practices, and especially devotional literature, from the records of Hebrew sacrifices to Keble's "Christian Year." The latter, with other books of the nineteenth century, is hardly more than mentioned. Fully a third of the book is devoted to the seventeenth century. Naturally, the sacramentarian view of religion is given emphatic exposition. This book is one of the volumes of the Oxford Library of Practical Theology.

Ceres and Persephone: A Child Play. By Maud Menefee. Translated by Andrew Lang. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 4½×7 in. 68 pages.

Commercial German: In Two Parts. By Gustav Hein and Michel Becker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.

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Commercial German. By Arnold Kutner. The American Book Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.

Daughter of the Pit (A). By Margaret Doyle Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.50.

The introduction of American coal-cutting machinery into an English colliery and the opposition of the miners furnish the solid basis upon which this novel, in which the hero is the young American inventor and the heroine a collier's daughter, is built. In the picturesque delineations of life in the mines and in the mining village there are pathos and power; but the story is deficient in that quality of humor which its other values might lead one to expect of the author. Without any disrespect to the human characters introduced, let passing compliment be paid to the good tram-donkeys whose cheerful braying brought some merriment into the gloomy life of the pit!

Every Day with Emerson. Compiled by Harriet A. Townsend. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 3×5 in. 100 pages.

Hand in Hand. Verses by a Mother and Daughter. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 122 pages. $1.

Henry Ashton. By R. A. Dague. Published by the Author, Alameda, Cal. 4×6¾ in. 235 pages.

Jean François Millet. By Edgcumbe Staley, B.A. Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 63 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Arthur Stirling (The). Revised and Condensed, with an Introductory Sketch. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.25, net. (12c. postage.)

Journeys End: A Romance of To-Day. By Justus Miles Forman. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 240 pages. $1.50, net.

Why this book should end as it does passes comprehension; unless, puzzles being the fashion of the day, the author when writing his last chapter became suddenly possessed with the idea of attracting readers to his book by turning the whole thing into a conundrum! In this case, he ought to have offered prizes for "correct solutions." "The Lady or the Tiger?" was welcome, but the public does not want a multiplication of books with the ends left off. The young Englishman who sells photographs and writes plays in New York, and his co-worker, the "plain-faced, red-haired young woman," are acquaintances who win our affection.

Life and Times of George Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer of Leipzig, 1752–1828. By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. In 2 vols. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. $10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Life of Joseph Parker (The). By William Adamson, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 387 pages. $1.75, net.

Though Dr. Joseph Parker died only last November, already his life has been written. The fact is, the book was really supposed to be finished before he died, as is evident from the preface, which is dated September, 1902. The result is a product that shows haste and bad editing. The greater part of the book, including the preface, speaks of Dr. Parker as still alive; the last two chapters suddenly jolt the reader to a new point of time, without the least explanation or apology for the abruptness. Moreover, the book is not especially interesting. This might be pardonable in a biography of almost anybody but Joseph Parker. Whatever he was not, he was most picturesquely interesting. Even his lapses from good taste and his expressions of egotism were interesting. His biographer, however, has succeeded in preserving a record of both these faults and has at the same time rendered them commonplace. The publishers, in the announcement of this book which appears on the wrapper, have made claims for the book which we do not find borne out by the book itself. Sometimes the biographer is unintentionally funny. "Not a morose or gloomy boy was Joseph," says he, and then gives an example of Joseph's "boyish pranks" and "frolics," which consisted in asking his playmates such questions as, "Where does such a word occur in the Bible? How many patriarchs were there? Were they men or animals?" And the biographer gravely adds, "Such a practice, when kept under control and governed by good feeling, adds to, rather than detracts from, the happiness of social intercourse." Dr. Parker's autobiography, "A Preacher's Life," which The Outlook reviewed when it first appeared three years ago, is and will probably remain the best portrait of him. Although, to use phrases of Dr. Parker's own making, it has more of "the limelight of fancy" than "the daylight of fact," it is a remarkable bit of self-revelation. His friend's biography of him has probably much more of fact, but certainly far less of truth.

Life Within (The): A Christian Science Romance. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 385 pages. $1.50.

This book may be considered either as a Christian Science tract in the guise of a novel, or a Christian Science novel in the guise of a tract. Or else it may not be considered at all.

Lover's World (The): A Wheel of Life. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 482 pages.

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 197 pages. $1.

Here are the same qualities that made every one like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—cheerfulness, kindliness, sympathy with human oddities and failings, and a humor which is always spontaneous if sometimes a little exaggerated. Lovey Mary herself is as original in her own way as a child could well be, and her adventures with her beloved Tommy, whom she rescues by abduction from a worthless mother, and to whom she gives the advantages of life in the Cabbage Patch, are in turns hilarious and moving.

Meaning of Pictures (The): Six Lectures Given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 161 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

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Matthew Arnold's Notebooks. With a Preface by the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 137 pages.

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Midsommer Nights Dreame (A). By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (The "First Folio" Shakespeare.) T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 216 pages. 50c., net.

This is the initial volume of a very important undertaking—the reprinting of Shakespeare in the text of the First Folio, to be known as "The First Folio Edition," and to reproduce, not only the text, but the spelling and punctuation. This volume reprints "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as it appeared in the First Folio, all additions made by the editors in the Quartos being inclosed in brackets. In a very interesting preface the editors say that, while Chaucer and Spenser have been privileged to reach the modern reader in their own forms of speech, Shakespeare has been denied that privilege, and has been presented in English revised by many generations of editors; yet Chaucer is more archaic, and Spenser, though but little earlier than Shakespeare, much more affected and remote in style, than the dramatist. The advantages of reproducing the Folio Edition are manifest; for the First Folio is not only the first collected edition of the plays, but it is the sole authority for twenty of them, and furnishes the first complete text of at least two more, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry V.," the earlier quarto issues of which were incomplete as well as unauthorized. The publication of the remaining fourteen plays in quarto was not only unauthorized, but was probably in defiance of Shakespeare's wish, since the publication of these plays was adverse to his interest as author, actor, and shareholder. The First Folio is the text nearest to Shakespeare's time, hand, and stage; and, so far as his authority can be claimed for any text, it is to be attached to the First Folio; yet this folio was continuously passed over by successive English editors, Rowe, who is commonly called the first editor, printing from it at third hand—that is to say, from the Fourth Folio, which was printed from the second impression of the Third Folio, which in turn was printed from the Second Folio, and that in turn from the First Folio, and every new printing meant the introduction of new errors. Rowe introduced changes on his own authority, Pope from Rowe, Theobald and Hanmer from Pope, Warburton from Theobald, Johnson from Warburton, and Steevens from Johnson, each editor in turn modernizing, emending, and changing the text in accordance with his own judgment. The Cambridge editors who have given us what is commonly regarded as the best Shakespearean text based their undertaking on a thorough revision of the traditional text. Dr. Furness, in the fifth play in the Variorum series, reprinted the text of the First Folio; the present editors propose to reproduce that text entire, with a full reprint of emendations and variorum readings, which are relegated to the foot of the page, while rejected variorum readings are put in an appendix by themselves. The volume is enriched with very copious notes covering the whole range of Shakespeare allusion, notes which draw very fully upon history and literature for the exposition of the references, historical and otherwise, which appear in the plays. The books are also to be supplied with glossaries and with selected criticism. The volumes are of pocket size, and are admirably printed on excellent paper; and the edition, when completed, will not only be unique, but will hold a place by itself among all the reprints of Shakespeare. Its value to students and general readers is apparent. The quality of the work of Miss Porter and Miss Clarke was very strikingly shown in their edition of Browning, a work of great research and eminently a labor of love.

Midsummer-Night's Dream (A). By William Shakespeare. From the Riverside Edition Edited by Richard Grant White. Edited by Laura Emma Lockwood, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 100 pages.

Millet. By Romain Rolland. (The Popular Library of Art.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 200 pages. 75c., net.

The author holds that Millet was equally misunderstood by his admirers and detractors; that he was neither an interpreter of the new democracy nor a declaiming socialist; he was a peasant-painter because he saw in the ceaseless struggle of man with the earth something profoundly human, not in a social or political, but in an essentially religious, sense. Altogether this little book, like others in its series, is readable, unpretentious, and pleasingly anecdotal. There are many fairly satisfactory reproductions of Millet's pictures.

Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch: A Half Grown Novel. By Frank C. Voorhies. The Mutual Book Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 29 pages. 30c.

A silly and feeble attempt at travesty.

Practical Wisdom: Letters to Young Men. By Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Osborn, Lord Burleigh, Sir Matthew Hale, William, Earl of Bedford. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 217 pages. $1.

Pure Sociology: A Treatise on the Origin and Spontaneous Development of Society. By Lester F. Ward. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 607 pages. $4.

By "pure sociology" Mr. Ward means the explanatory description of society as it is and has been, excluding from consideration what it ought to be. The excluded field, he says, belongs to applied sociology—a domain of ethics rather than pure science. Despite Mr. Ward's excessive fondness for a Greek terminology, he has essentially a clarifying as well as a penetrating and vitalizing intellect, and his discussion of the evolution of society is of interest to thoughtful men outside the narrow ranks of professional sociologists.

Rainbows. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas). John Lane, New York. 4¼×7 in. 76 pages.

Side-Lights on the Georgian Period. By George Paston. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 304 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Six Trees: Short Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 206 pages. $1.25.

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Story of Siena San Gimignano (The). By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Helen James. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 391 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Study of Browning's Saul (A). By Cora Martin MacDonald, A.M. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 79 pages.

Textual Question in Acts (The). By Prof. Dr. O. Zoeckler. Translated by the Rev. A. Steimle. Second Paper of the Lutheran Society for the New Testament Study. Can be secured from the Rev. S. Paulson, New Rochelle, N. Y. 6×9¼ in. 13 pages. 25c.

Truth and Error of Christian Science (The). By M. Carta Sturge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 160 pages. $1.50, net.

In his introduction to this book Canon Scott Holland writes from the dogmatic point of view, and thereby limits his appeal to a comparatively small number of readers. Miss Sturge, on the other hand, writes from the point of view of one who has no bias except that involved in clear thinking. That bias is, of course, against confused and unenlightened thinking. She is therefore quick to discern the confusion of thought involved in Mrs. Eddy's theories, though even as she does so she maintains a spirit of fairness. She begins by stating very sympathetically the eager state of mind of one who thinks he has discovered that pain, sin, and death are unreal and illusory. She at once, however, puts her finger upon the inherent contradiction in Christian Science—namely, that involved in declaring, on the one hand, that mind is the direct opposite of matter, and, on the other, that matter is false belief, that is, a product of mind. The bewilderment only increases as this contradiction is stated in more detail. Miss Sturge then describes the Christian Science theories of the human body, of sin, of disease, of death, and of reality; and, after stating and restating with great fairness the truths to be found in this system of so-called "metaphysics," she closes with a very clear and cogent criticism of it. We commend this book as at once a thoughtful and a readable treatment of the subject.

Truth (Vérité). By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 596 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Virginia Girl in the Civil War (A). Edited by Myrta Lockett Avary. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This tells the adventures of the young wife of a Confederate officer who followed his fortunes as closely as the vicissitudes of war would permit. More than this, she had the courage to "run the lines" to Baltimore and to smuggle back a fine uniform for her husband. The Virginia girl whose story is here told is seen in every page to have been a woman of charm and sprightliness, and she was treated gallantly by the Federal officers in Baltimore, who sent her back to her friends with an escort and all possible civility. The narrative is natural and simple and is also entertaining in a high degree. One feels that its pictures of life in the days of the war are true and sincere, and in its way the book is really a valuable contribution to social history.

Western Slope (The). By Celia Parker Wooley. William S. Lord, Evanston. 5×7 in. 242 pages. $1.25.

These essays, which embody the reflections of a woman preacher, writer, and lecturer, who admits herself to be on the "Western Slope"—that is, past life's meridian—are mellow in philosophy and comprehensive in review. A bird's-eye picture is given, as it were, of the half-century lying behind her, with all its great movements—religious, social, educational, and political.

William Hogarth. By G. Elliott Anstruther. Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 71 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Woman Who Toils (The): Being the Experiences of Two Ladies as Factory Girls. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 303 pages. $1.50, net.

This book, or at least Mrs. Van Vorst's part of it, does not need to be bolstered up by President Roosevelt's prefatory letter. Mrs. Van Vorst has studied the lot of workingwomen in the same way that Mr. Wyckoff studied that of unskilled workingmen, and though her narrative is not so dramatic as his, nor so original, it is fuller of keen observation and wholesome feeling. She appreciates, as Mr. Wyckoff apparently did not, that her position as a wage-worker, able at any time to leave her tasks, was not that of the ordinary workingwoman, who must stick at them or starve. Furthermore, she has more genuine democracy in that she finds herself one with the women she works among, sees their point of view and shares it. In this there is nothing whatever that is forced, and in what she says both of her fellow-employees and of her employers there is nothing that indicates the effort to establish a theory or support a prejudice. What she writes about the pay of women being less than that of men wage-earners is extremely valuable in measuring both the extent of the difference and the causes of it. The women workers she found were of three classes: those who had to be breadwinners—to which class all the men belonged—those who expected in part to support themselves, and those who merely worked to provide themselves with luxuries. While many of the brightest workers belonged to the latter class, their irregularity in coming to their work and their readiness to leave it were in a degree responsible for the sweeping generalizations about the unreliability of women workers. Mrs. Van Vorst thinks that if the women of the third class would devote themselves to industrial art—hand-weaving, wood-carving, and the like—their competition would no longer be so severely felt. The remedy of course is not a far-reaching one, but the book is not one of remedies, it is one of experiences and observations, and is thoroughly good. The work of Miss Van Vorst is frequently marred by crudeness, sentimentalism, self-consciousness, and a sense of class superiority which make it distinctly inferior to that of her co-worker.

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Correspondence

Politics vs. Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

All readers of The Outlook must have been greatly interested in the reports of Mr. Kennan in regard to the political situation in Delaware. I trust that I shall not seem unduly presumptuous if I suggest that a field for a much-needed investigation is to be found in the educational system of Philadelphia. Clippings from the daily papers of February 16 showed that the public-school teachers were being assessed by the Republican city committee, and a letter dated February 15, received from a friend, confirms this information. The gentleman who writes me is principal of one of the great schools of New York City, and is very prominent in educational work. He was in Philadelphia on a business trip, and writes me from there as follows:

> Here is the very worst example of the shameful treatment of teachers. The conditions described to me are pitiful and execrable. The school boards are managed on the most brazen political lines. Promotions are bought. A principalship costs from $200 to $1,200. A teacher who refuses to comply with the political demands has her place declared "vacant" on any trumped-up charges. All the teachers, men and women, have just been assessed by the city machine. I have one of the assessment notices before me. It reads: "Since meetings must be held and circulars relating to the party issues printed and mailed to party voters, and the expense of necessary clerk hire, postage, etc., must be paid, we are compelled to ask the necessary funds to sustain our efforts in polling the full votes of the city and defraying the proper and legitimate expenses of the campaign." In blue pencil in the corner is the percentage of salary the teacher is to pay. The circular is signed, for H. Klemmer, Treasurer, David H. Lane, Chairman Finance Committee, James L. Miles, President Campaign Committee. Several told me that fifty per cent. of the teachers had already paid up. The assessment is a regular thing in some districts. But this is the first time it has been exacted of all men and women in the schools. Is it not a degrading condition? The men discussed it under their breath. They dare not refuse. "What would you do?" they said. "Why, meet and agree not to notice it," I replied. "They can't turn you all out." "Too late," they replied. "We can't stick together well enough; too many are afraid." This is the worst condition I know of. New York in the corruptest Tweed days is said never to have made the teachers pay. San Francisco did it once, but dear old Philadelphia, where the fathers used to meet in defiance of tyranny, is the teacher's slave-driver among the cities.

I have ventured to quote at some length a part of the letter received, in the hope that it will be possible for The Outlook at least to consider the possibility of beginning an investigation in the interests of education at large. I have within the last two weeks received a large number of reports in regard to the influence of the political machine on the educational system in a large number of cities. These reports confirm me in the belief, long held, that some determined and concerted effort is needed on the part of all interested in educational questions to wrest the schools from the grip of the politician. The condition seems to me to need the pen of a Mr. Kennan to do justice to the subject.

TEACHER.

The Religious Education Association

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Executive Board of the Religious Education Association, an account of the organization of which was given in The Outlook of February 21, has voted to push as rapidly as possible the securing of members. It has been suggested that you might be willing to make an announcement in the name of the Association containing the following points:

(1) The Association invites to membership all persons who are engaged in religious and moral instruction, or who are desirous of promoting such work; (2) the enrollment fee for members is one dollar, and the annual dues two dollars; (3) all members who enroll before March 25 will have their names printed in the list of original members contained in the first annual volume of Proceedings of the Association; (4) one copy of the Proceedings will be sent free to each member of the Association; and (5) application for membership may be made to the Acting Secretary of the Association, Professor C. W. Votaw, University of Chicago, Chicago.

C. W. VOTAW,
Acting Secretary R. E. A.

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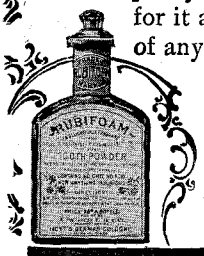

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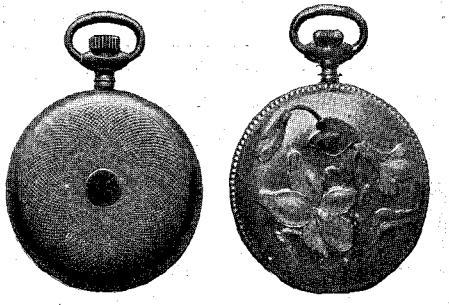

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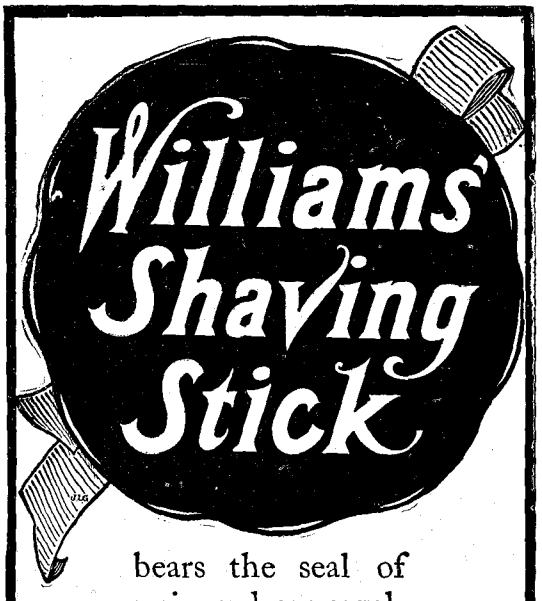

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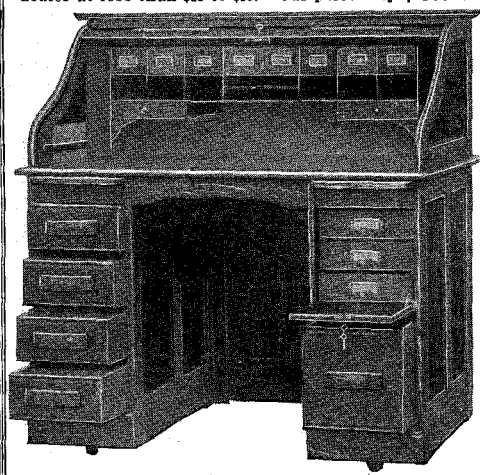

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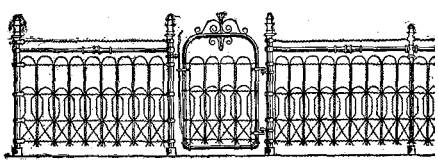

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